The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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DISCOVERED TO BE NO LADY.

He Entered the Precincts of the College Attired in Hat and Skirts.

The Mirror of Life
AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. MASTERS (Manor Park).—If you can digest a steak, have it with a cup of tea and dry bread for breakfast. Vary it with a chop for dinner, one potato, a little greenstuff, and half of bitter. Tea with eggs, fish, or meat (according to fancy, lean chop for choice), and one cup of tea. Supper: Piece of homely cake and half Burton ale.

CONSTANT READER (Bedlington).—Tom Burrows swung clubs at the N.S.C., 30hr.

CHARLES GILLARD (Walworth).—1. Jem Carney fought Jack McAuliffe at Reven Beach, Mass., U.S.A., 74 rounds, November 16, 1887, kid gloves. Carney had the best of the battle, and should have been awarded the decision. The ring was broken into by McAuliffe's friends. The referee, Frank Stevenson, a noted dive keeper of New York, declared the contest a draw, 74 rounds, thus robbing Jem Carney of a well-earned decision. 2. No.

C. W. H. (Long Eaton).—There are no dearer books than old sporting ones. We doubt whether you could get a complete copy of "Fistiana" (1872), a chronology, and not a history, of the prize ring, under five pounds (£5), although it was originally published at *four and sixpence*. The history of pugilism is like Dumas' "Three Musketeers," "The Vicompte de Bragelonne," and "Twenty Years After"—"Pancratia" takes you to "Boxiana," and "Boxiana" to "Pugilistica." You might by chance pick up either of the above books cheap, but five pounds (£5) has been offered by the British Museum for "Boxiana."

W. T. S.—He won in four rounds.

F. JENKINS.—If it was a walk-over you cannot win anything.

OBIT.—Duke of Portland won in stakes £73,857 10s.

T. F. NIXEY.—All the races were run or walked at the Agricultural Hall.

D. POST.—1. Frank Slavin was beaten by Peter Jackson in ten rounds. 2. Knocked out.

J. DUTFIELD.—1. The competitions are promoted to give a chance to unknown men, and find new talent. 2. About October. 3. At the club.

W. H. H.—The amount already staked would be forfeited.

T. A.—Starlight was beaten in ten rounds at the Excelsior Hall.

B. S. A.—1. If B held a club he is bound to follow suit. 2. He cannot play trumps (diamonds) with a club demanded.

H. P. (Newbridge).—No.

C. WILLIS.—Unless the referee understands his business there will be confusion.

J. MCCALL.—He is too big and much too heavy.

E. H.—The letter has been forwarded as requested.

M. P.—Entered when yearlings.

N. I. H.—They went the full distance, 20rds.

J. REMNANT.—You should not have parted with your money until you had thoroughly satisfied yourself it was a genuine affair.

T. MATTHEWS.—1. It does not stand as a record. 2. Yes.

JEM BROOKS.—When we saw Bob Dunbar a short time since Bob was very much alive, except for partial blindness.

F. BURBIDGE.—Apply for "Ring Records" to THE MIRROR OF LIFE, 172, Fleet Street, price threepence.

(Several Answers crowded out).

NOTES CONCERNING THE FIGHT BETWEEN GUS RUHLIN AND TOM SHARKEY.

BOXING PROMOTERS AND THEIR WAYS.

THE FORTHCOMING FEATHERWEIGHT CONTEST—FRANK ERNE V. TERRY McGOVERN.

CONCERNING the fight between Gus Ruhlin and Tom Sharkey the *New York Herald* says:—"For brutality the battle between Gus Ruhlin and Tom Sharkey was probably never equalled in a prize ring in the State of New York." The young gentleman who wrote the above, and who, no doubt, belongs to the "young and brilliant order of journalists," so much in evidence in this country, should have read up the history of the prize ring before he made the above assertion, and he would have found many battles where the brutality of the principals and the spectators at a prize fight was such that in comparison with them the contest between Gus Ruhlin and Tom Sharkey was a model of decorum. When "the poor old Deaf 'Un" ("Deaf" Burke) went out to the States, and met both O'Rourke and O'Connell, both in the State of New York, the Irish rowdy element was so strong that in the case of O'Rourke "Deaf" Burke would most decidedly have been murdered had not a lover of fair play lent the Deaf 'Un his horse, on which, in a state of nudity, covered with blood, and nearly torn to pieces, the British representative of pugilism had to make his way, Mazeppa-like, across country followed by the wolves in the shape of ravages, who would allow no fair play to anything born, even in the hated Sassenach country.

We think the contest between Gus Ruhlin and Tom Sharkey showed the noble art in its highest sense. The rough and foul tactics of the loser, Tom Sharkey, were so pronounced that any referee who had any respect for his position, for himself, or the fairness of the game on which he sat in judgment would have disqualified Tom Sharkey long before he was beaten into insensibility by the "Akron Giant." This is not our assertion alone; it is borne out in several of the higher class American papers. Yet in spite of these evil rushes, in spite of such fighting more worthy of a savage or the two navvies fighting in the sewer than a professor of the noble art of self-defence, Gus Ruhlin won by sticking to the principles of the noble art as laid down in its rules. It would certainly have been "a brutal fight" had Gus Ruhlin mixed it and fought in the manner of Tom Sharkey; but Ruhlin did nothing of the kind. He exemplified the fact that rushes such as only the panther, the jaguar, or the tiger might make can be stopped by a strong left hand, and the rusher contribute to his own thrashing. Where was the brutality, we ask? It was a lesson to those standing at the ringside how a big strong murdering rough, with dire thoughts intent, can be stopped by the scientific pugilist. That Madden's big 'un is a scientific pugilist there can be no doubt. Ruhlin is not opinionated enough to fight his own way. Gus has listened to and profited by the advice given by two past masters at the game, Billy Madden and Jem Corbett. If Jem Corbett's early training as a bank clerk did not fit him for battles of endurance with hardy workers in iron like Jem Jeffries and Bob Fitzsimmons, no one can deny that Jem Corbett as a glove fighter is superbly scientific, and, for a limited number of rounds, a champion. It was Jem Corbett who taught Ruhlin a punch by means of which Dick O'Brien beat the "Coffee Cooler." It is a right hand uppercut under the guard of an opponent, most effectual with such a rusher as Sharkey, whose fighting consists of a lightning-like rush and a swing. We hope now that Jem Corbett has taught Gus Ruhlin the way to win fights, he will never allow the green-eyed monster to warp his judgment, as did Jem Belcher when he taught his fellow-townsman, Hen Pearce, and then became so jealous of the praises heaped upon him that he challenged his former novice with dire results—for Belcher. It must not be forgotten that Gus Ruhlin had another coach in Billy Madden, who might be styled "the father of modern American glove slinging." Thirty-three years ago Billy put up his knuckles unadorned, and bared his buff to the breeze in the magic circle. Since that time Billy has ate fight, drank fight, talked fight, and unearthed fighters (glove). Not men who went round with the cap after each show or waited in the ring for a "shower" which was insufficient to get the performer a good square meal at a "hungry house" (for such was the name given to the coffee houses of the olden time, where pints were pints, and slices doorsteps), but, to use the old scriptural phrase, "Men who dressed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day." Where would the mighty Sullivan have been, mighty as he undoubtedly was, without his Madden? What would the armies of France, which overrun Europe, have been without Napoleon; and what availed all the science and strength of a pugilist without the master mind to direct those gifts into the proper channel to obtain the pieces. J. L. Sullivan's affairs, subsequent to Madden's managership, were engineered by others, but the shekels never flowed into the exchequer so plentifully when the Madden v. Sullivan partnership was dissolved.

Tom O'Rourke, the gaffer of Sharkey, went for the gloves. He had a pile of money on the ex-sailor lad, and he did not allow sentiment to interfere with business. Sharkey a winner was worth so much to Tom, as a loser he was worth nothing. So he let Sharkey fight on until he was virtually beaten into submission. "Throw up the sponge!" said Tom. "Not me. He's fighting for my money, when he chucks it himself is quite good enough for me." Sentiment and Tom O'Rourke—how absurd. There was another Tom—Tom Belcher, who, when his brother Jem was receiving just such a fearful hiding at the hands of Tom Cribb as Tom Sharkey was receiving at the hands of Gus Ruhlin, threw himself on his brother and exclaimed, "They shan't kill my brother Jem!" and by main strength kept his brother from making himself a sacrifical offering on the altar of heroism. It would have been history repeating itself had Tom O'Rourke, when seeing the other Tommy *in extremis*, thrown himself on the athletic and beaten Sharkey, chucked up the sponge and exclaimed, "They shan't kill my Tommy," but Tom O'Rourke is not built that way. Money always enters into the element of sport—it is only when money is eliminated from athletics and horseracing that we have the only true sport—and when the money was down Sharkey's manager did not care about taking on any humanitarian principles. Sharkey was there to fight, and while a man was on his legs (so thought O'Rourke) there was always a chance. Fortune does not knock at every man's door twice. Gus Ruhlin is the second capable big 'un engineered by Billy Madden. So confident is Gus Ruhlin in his own ability that he does not want to catch his next opponent, Jem Jeffries, "on the hop." "Madden's big 'un" does not want to fight a sick, sore, or disabled man. He desires to meet the present champion, Jeffries, when Jem gives the word "Go"—that is, when he has fully recovered the use of his disabled arm and hand. "I should like to meet Jeffries when at his best," says big Gus. Fresh from the field of his glory Ruhlin says so now, but he may find Jem Jeffries, fit and well, a very different opponent to Tom Sharkey. Be this as it may, when these big 'uns—the heaviest pair that have ever contended between ropes and stakes—meet we should advise the enterprising pugilistic entrepreneur to provide a covered space as large as our Agricultural Hall, for most persons who love a bit of boxing will desire to be there, even if they have to pay a high price. The purse, the share of the gate, and the animated pictures should make both participants in the mill rich men—that is, as the word rich is understood in the old country.

A most remarkable contest will take place at Madison Square Gardens on July 16, when Terry McGovern and Frank Erne meet. This match is made for ten rounds, and the men are scheduled to weigh in at 128lb, which is just 9st, the limit of the featherweight class. The curious part of the business in connection with these two boxers is this that if Erne fails to knock out Terry McGovern in ten rounds the decision is to go to the latter. We think Frank Erne has undertaken a task which may make him sick and sorry. The Terry McGovernites do not think Erne could knock out Terry in ten weeks, let alone ten rounds. Short round contests cost a deal of money. Six rounds between "Kid" McCoy and Tom Sharkey cost over 1,000dols per round, and Fitzsimmons wanted 7,600dols for a six rounds go with an opponent in Chicago. We have no doubt the promoters of the contest between Terry McGovern and Frank Erne will pay handsomely for the deal, and as Terry is at the present time the bright particular star of the boxing firmament, no doubt a thousand dollars per round, making in all ten thousand dollars, will reward these boxers for their exertions. Admirers of Terry will not be surprised at Terry McGovern beating Frank Erne, but they will be surprised if Frank Erne beats Terry McGovern.

W. J. PEALL.

The Champion "All In" Billiardist, who Holds the Record for the Largest Break ever made at English Billiards.

(With Portrait.)

THE many victories which have fallen to the champion would entirely fill our columns, so we therefore give a few of his most notable performances. They are as follows: The scoring of 1,000 up in 44min on May 3, 1884; an all-in break of 3,304, made up of 92, 3, 151, 23, 172, 120, and 400 spots, at the Westminster Aquarium, on November 6, 1890; another break of 2,170 in a match for £400 with F. White (721 spots) at the same place on January 16, 1890. On November 4, 1886, he, while conceding G. Collins 5,000 in 15,000 up, ran up an unfinished break of 2,002, and brought it to 2,413 on the following day. This included 334, 449, and 3 spots. Another of his achievements was accomplished against the champion on January 27, 1886, when he made 222 by successive losing hazards off the red. In the cannon game Peall also effected a grand performance against D. Richards on January 20 of last year. Getting well placed, he made 116 in succession. Reverting now to 1885, on November 4 he scored 1,709 (18 and 543 spots) against Mitchell. One of his latest engagements was against John Roberts, at the Egyptian Hall, in a match of 24,000 up. In this fixture he, although defeated, played in quite his best style. Some of his breaks amounted to 315, 228, 156, and 180 on other occasions, and is still playing in his best form.

THE PROFESSOR AND HIS PUPILS.

Illustrating the First Principles in the Art of Swimming.

(Subject of Illustration.)

WITH the bright summer weather the Londoner's thoughts travel to the sea, where a dip in the briny to revive his vitality would be a healthy and pleasant change. Also the ladies who can swim, the seaside is to them a double attraction, for cannot they disport themselves in the water, and after a refreshing swim appear in the beautiful white costume on the pier? The art of natation is easily acquired, and there are several female and male professors who are at present very busy instructing their pupils in the art of swimming. Surrounded, in shallow water by a dozen learners the professor will demonstrate the ease by which he kept afloat is to be attained with a little practice, but much confidence.

VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE" OFFICE.

AMONG the prominent people who have visited us this week are:—

Mr. Powell (New York).
Ben Harris (M.C.).
T. Turner.
Jack O'Donnell.
Alf De Costa.
Lu Lu De Costa.
Joe Bennett (ex-6st 10lb champion).
Mr. Musgrave.
Frank Cumminger (Mobile Comedy Quintette).
Nelson Rowland.
Jack Hare.
Charley Jones (Belfast).
Henry Carrington.
Dick Josephs.
Alf Slater ("Old Skiddy").
"Wag" Ashley.
Jem Exall.
Dick Wainwright.
Alf Buckingham.
Mr. Edward Prest.
Harry Connell (King's Cross).
Luis Deservé (Paris, France).
Jem Ball.
Charlie Wright.
Tom Doyle (Volunteer Arms, North Shields).
James Ladas (Wellington Quay).

AMERICAN GOSSIP.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Editor, The Mirror of Life, London

New York, June 30, 1900.

John L. Sullivan, who has made more than a million dollars in his lifetime by punching people with his fists, is in a cell at the Jefferson Market prison because he punched the wrong man. Sullivan, as he sat in jail last night, and ate the frugal meal served him by a coloured "trusty," must have remembered the days when he was the guest of the Prince of Wales, when nothing in New York was too good for him, and when everyone was his friend, and when "good old John L." could not walk five feet in Broadway without stopping to shake hands with two or three men covered with diamonds and other symptoms of wealth. "Good old John L." could not get a bondsman to go his bail for $500—not because folks feared he would run away, but because no one cared. "John L. in jail, eh?" his old cronies said. "Well, what t'ell? I guess he's a dead one." And New York "sports" haven't any use for "dead ones." The "Inferno" saloon, at No. 1177, Broadway, has a sign on it intended to convince the man from Mount Vernon or Oshkosh that Sullivan keeps it. As a matter of fact they pay the ex-champion for the use of his name. Lately he exhausted his drink account, and was barred from what people think is his own saloon. Sullivan, boisterously drunk, went into the place Wednesday and howled for whisky. George H. Snyder, bar-tender and "bouncer," refused to serve him. Snyder says Sullivan hit him four times. The former fighter was so drunk as to be incapable, and so the valiant Snyder beat him on the head with a bottle. Then Snyder, not satisfied with his revenge, went to the Jefferson Market Police Court and got a warrant for the arrest of Sullivan. The champion was so intoxicated that he allowed one policeman to arrest him—it generally takes six. The wreck of a pugilist was shut up in a room in the court house. He cried like a child first, and then roared like a bull. They closed doors and windows so that the court could conduct its business. Sullivan refused to walk out with the rest of the prisoners, though they swelled with pride at the honour of his company. When he staggered into court at last he called Snyder names, and tried to hit him. Magistrate Deuel held him in $500 bail, and set his examination for nine o'clock Thursday morning, when he was discharged with a caution. Gus Ruhlin, although a few days ago looked upon by many as a mere selling plater among the "heavies," is to-day considered the most dangerous aspirant for championship honours. His great victory over Sharkey on Tuesday night has placed him in the front rank of the heavy-weight division, where he now commands a fight with the champion. Not since Sullivan's defeat by Corbett at New Orleans has any battle furnished such a great surprise to the sporting fraternity. Sharkey was a 3 to 1 favourite, with but few takers. Ruhlin's clever performance was the main topic of conversation yesterday, and on all sides the "Akron Giant" was spoken of as the new pugilistic idol. Despite the fact that Ruhlin took part in one of the hardest battles of the century he was about town as usual yesterday, and, save for a little colour in his left eye, and a slightly swollen jaw, the conqueror of Sharkey suffered no injury. Sharkey, on the contrary, was in bad shape, and bore evidence of the gruelling he received for fifteen rounds. The sailor's right eye was swollen twice its normal size, his right ear was cut badly, and several other slight bruises decorated his face. Sharkey is not satisfied with his defeat and wants another go. Tom O'Rourke, the sailor's manager, says that Tom would have done better, but for the injury to his left arm in the fifth round. Before Ruhlin will meet the sailor again, however, Billy Madden wants to arrange a match with Jeffries for the championship. If the match is arranged it will in all probability take place in Madison Square Garden Manager Kennedy will offer the men a big purse for the bout. Frank Erne and Terry McGovern are to fight before the Twentieth Century A.C., Madison Square Garden, on July 16. Articles were signed at the Broadway A.C. last evening, for a twenty-five rounds bout at 128lb., and each man deposited $1,000 to guarantee his appearance. The sporting world rarely has a chance to see two world's champions meet at a compromise weight, and the bout will undoubtedly prove one of the strongest drawing cards ever put on. Erne has taken a cottage at Fairhaven, N.J., and will begin training at once. His mother is to prepare all his food. He said yesterday that he anticipated little trouble in reducing to the required weight. Manager Jim Kennedy, of the Twentieth Century A.C., announced yesterday that he would try to arrange a bout between Fitzsimmons and Ruhlin for his club. He thinks these men ought to furnish one of the best heavy-weight battles to be had. "We would like to bag the attraction," said Kennedy to a "World" reporter, "and can offer a much larger purse or guarantee than any other club." Fitz believes he will have first chance at Ruhlin, as it is reported that Jeffries's bad arm is still ailing him. The Australian is really in excellent trim, and said yesterday that he could enter the ring three weeks from date. The fistic battle between Jim Jeffries and Tom Sharkey, which was to have been fought the latter part of August before the club offering the largest purse, has been declared off. The cause of the match falling through was Sharkey's defeat by Ruhlin. When the match was made there was a clause inserted in the articles of agreement stating that if either man was defeated before their battle it was left to the discretion of the other pugilist whether or not to call off the match. This Jeffries has done. "Spike" Sullivan has become a well-liked caretaker of boxers in training in his quarters at Sheepshead Bay. Just now he has his brother Dave and Jim Ferns, the "Kansas Rube," at work there. Ferns fights Eddie Connolly next, and Dave Sullivan has a match on with "Kid" Broad for July 3. "Spike's" right wrist is coming around all right, and he says he will be ready to meet the best man obtainable at Waterbury about the middle of July. Charles Harper, the "Barbados Chicken," who was arrested Friday night on the charge of biting Al Weinig in the second round of their fight at the Black Rock Athletic Club, was to-day sentenced to thirty days in the penitentiary. Michael Lynch, the oarsman, who, with his brother Mark Lynch, defeated Rice and Durnan at Toronto in double sculls, suffered the loss of a leg yesterday, amputation having been resorted to to save his life. The oarsman sprained an ankle while practising, but thought nothing of it. The bone became affected however. It was the intention of Lynch's friends to back him against Gaudaur next fall, he being the faster rower of the two brothers. Mark Lynch, the other brother, is matched to row Rogers, of New York, on July 11. Rogers and Ten Eyck challenged the Lynch brothers to a double scull race, but backed down when they learned of the easy victory the latter had over Rice and Durnan. W. H. Wade, an expert billiard player, and by many considered as the best bank shot in America, is dead at his home in Chicago. He was born in Boston, 1840.

THE TATTLER.

CHARMION.

A Celebrated Trapezist, who Electrifies Everybody Nightly by her Unique and Startling Proceedings.

(With Portrait.)

A dainty little Californian lady, rejoicing in the appropriate name of Charmion, is drawing huge crowds wherever she appears. Her turn is both novel and daring. Dressed in the very latest fashion, and twirling an open sunshade, she strolls smilingly on to the stage, where her attention is soon arrested by a trapeze dangling high in the air. Her ambition to reach it is at once gratified, and we see her hoisted up and immediately seated thereon. Charmion is now disposed to indulge in a little exercise, but her actions are retarded by her voluminous skirts and dainty lingerie. She looks disappointed and annoyed, and for a few moments swings backwards and forwards with a puzzled little frown, at the same time pulling off her gloves. Suddenly an idea seems to strike her, and her face at once brightens, as with deft fingers she unfastens the front of her bodice, and after a moment's hesitation slips it off, then her dress is discarded, and one by one she frees herself of different articles of snowy underwear, rich in lace and pretty ribbons, till at last we behold her in the ordinary silk fleshings of an acrobat (she removes her hat *last*). Charmion now treats her onlookers to some daring and graceful feats on the trapeze, and her performance from start to finish is watched with breathless interest, and anon rapturously applauded. Opera-glasses are at a premium during Charmion's turn.

SHOPLIFTING THIEF CAUGHT BY A DOG

A Woman Gives her Pursuers a Good Run.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"Stop, thief!" is always a cry that will start a mob on a man hunt, and the evident delight to pursue a hunted thief through the streets is seen by the numbers who join in the chase, each trying to outrun his neighbour and overtake the law-breaker. Such a scene was witnessed when a number of men and boys were running and shouting, but the flying figure in front was not a man, but a woman who had been detected in the act of stealing, and was doing her level best to sprint out of danger, and would probably have succeeded, but a dog joining in the fun seized her by the leg, when the howling chasers made an easy capture.

MR. E. C. ECCLESTONE.

A Thorough Sportsman, Better Known as "Jolly Jumbo."

(With Portrait.)

"Jolly Jumbo" earned this sobriquet on account of his great size and weight, and early in life was well in with the canine fancy. He some years ago, and until recently, was to be seen shouting the odds at all the principal meetings, where his straightforward dealings gained him a host of clients. As a promoter of boxing, wrestling, &c., he stands unrivalled at the present day, while it is solely through his instrumentality that several large gatherings in the field of sport have been successfully carried through. During his long and useful career he became in turn the proprietor of those well-known establishments the Shepherd and Flock, Bloomsbury, Ballot Box, Ealing, and the Red Lion, Paddington, at which hostelry the "Jolly" one is to be seen still carrying his 34st with ease.

STRANGE STORY OF A WOMAN WITH AN IRON MASK

Imprisoned for Days in a House in Brussels.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A Belgian milk carrier on his early morning walk in the poorest part of Brussels was astonished to meet a female attired in a loose robe and whose head was enveloped in a kind of helmet. The woman was seated on a stone under a darkened arch, but on the approach of the man she came forward, and with clasped hands implored him to protect her. She had been kept in close confinement, with the helmet fixed to her head, for some days, by whom she does not know, and having made her escape from the house in the darkness she failed to remember the locality. The authorities are investigating this strange story.

CAPTAIN JOSEPH FOSTER,

The World-Renowned Lion Tamer.

(With Portrait.)

Captain Joseph Foster is celebrated throughout the world as one of the most fearless conquerors of the king of beasts. About two years ago he was attacked by his lion Wallace, but successfully defended himself after a prolonged struggle with the brute.

OUR LETTER BOX.

Letters are lying at our office for:—

George Campbell.
Mr. Ecclestone ("Jolly Jumbo").
Sam Fitzpatrick.
Bobby Dobbs (three).
Frank Leon (two).
"Dido" Plumb.
P. J. King.
Billy Ross.
Alf Ball.
Tommy Hogan.
Frank Leon.
Charles Mitchell (English champion).
Billy Plimmer.
Ernie Greaves.
Ted Wakeham.
Claude Thompson.
H. Chance Newton.
Robert Fitzsimmons.
C. McCoy.
George Fox Giles (America or Australia).
J. Corbett.
Alex Hurley (comedian).
P. Gorman.
Jem Holloway.
John F. White (three).
Jem Hall.
"Greek" George.
George Slark.
R. H. Page.
Driver Pincher.

"TWO UP A TREE" IS THE TITLE of a screamingly funny sketch played by the Albert and Edmunds troupe at the Queen's, Poplar. Miss Lillie Langtry, of "Margate boat" fame, is paying a welcome return visit, and tops a very large variety bill. A capital sketch, entitled "Heir to a Million," is also thoroughly enjoyed by the audience.

Post Free.

MANLY VIGOR

Send for the best and most valuable work on Atrophy and Varicocele, by M.D., Ch.M., with special chapters on the explanation of Vital Secrets, and the certain Cure of Prostration, Debility, and Decay. This work is the purest guide in Essential Matters. It treats of Exhausted Vitality, Spermatorrhœa, Youthful Imprudence, Lost Manhood, Premature Decay, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Weakness, Varicocele, Dimness of Sight, Brain Fag, Nervousness, Blotches on the Skin, Loss of Memory, Melancholy, Noises in the Ears, Liver Complaints, Bladder and Kidney Complaints, and every form of disease peculiar to the Urinary Organs. Address:—"Surgeon," 7, Bristol Gardens, Brighton, Sussex, England. Name this paper.

LOST AND FOUND.

"I called in answer to an advertisement for a boy," said a bright-faced little chap to Mr. Goldstein, the mill owner, who was a bulky, red-faced man. He was about to leave his private carriage to enter the office when thus accosted. With him was a golden-haired little girl, who listened to the boy with eager interest. "Well, how old are you and where have you been working?" said the mill owner, looking at the lad sharply. "I came from the country, sir, where my mother and I worked in a small mill since father died. Now she is gone and so I came here to the big city hoping to find a better job." "Well, you are too young, and a boy that don't know the city is of no use to me. My advice is to go back to your former home," said Goldstein in a tone of dismissal of the subject, then he turned to his driver and said: "Take Miss Alice where she wants to go." The boy—Philip Martin by name—felt a lump rise in his throat, and with a discouraged feeling walked listlessly down the thoroughfare. He had no home or friends and no shelter. Furthermore, he had spent nearly all his money in getting to the city. While meditating on what should be his next move he felt a gentle touch upon his arm and heard a sweet, low, childish voice say: "Never mind, here's a card with the name of my uncle on it, and he will give you work." Turning he saw again the face of the mill owner's daughter, Alice Goldstein. "It is all right," said she, "and never mind thanking me. I'd like the same thing happen to Will—that's my brother—if he was alone in a big city." Philip opened the paper containing the card and inside was a bright new half-a-crown. So unexpected was it all that as soon as the little Samaritan departed he burst into tears, whereupon some little fellows in passing called him "cry baby." Feeling very tired he sat down on one of the park seats intending to seek Alice's uncle when he had recovered his mental balance. He fell fast asleep and when he awoke the parcel which he brought from home containing a valuable recipe, a bible and his mother's photo had disappeared. Gradually, however, he thought of the little girl, of the card which bore the name of a possible employer and of his empty stomach. The thought of her and half-a-crown brought hope and comfort, so he proceeded to a restaurant and had his first square meal since arriving in the city. On leaving the place he again saw the Goldstein carriage and the fair Samaritan, who beckoned him to her side, and, much to his astonishment, held up the missing parcel, which had been stolen from him while asleep. Twenty years have passed since Philip Martin and Alice Goldstein met. During that time Phillip secured a good position and took up a study of medicine. He was now a prosperous physician, and one night was called into consultation, the case being that of a young man dying in squalor. As he entered the room his eyes met those of a beautiful young woman, who rose and extended both hands appealingly to him. "Do you not remember me?" said she; "do you not recall your first attempt to secure work in London." "Ah, indeed I do. Can this be the little Samaritan who saved me from despair? I tried in vain to keep track of you, but they told me you were travelling and I fancied you had settled down in married life. Maybe it is so!" "No," said she, "and I've done better by you, for I've followed your career these many years, and congratulate you on your great success with the Little Diamond Liver Pills." The doctor then listened to the painful story of the patient, who was the brother of Alice—the "black sheep of the family," who from boyhood had been alienated from his father and sister, was reinstated for awhile in his father's good graces, but later, through speculation, brought financial ruin and a suicide's end for the father. Dainty Alice, who had been supporting herself by teaching music, discovered his whereabouts, but too late, for he was at death's door. Dr. Martin on taking his leave said: "By the way, tell me how you found the parcel that day." "Well, I kept you in sight and so witnessed the act of the thief, and Jim, the coachman, made him give it up." As they stood talking Alice's eye fell on an old coin and a ring worn on the doctor's chain. The doctor read her thoughts and said: "Yes, that's the same coin, and it has been indeed a charm! There is my mother's photo, and, as you know, the recipe for the Little Diamond Liver Pills have saved many lives and reaped a fortune." They parted, but not before Alice's consent was given to his future calls, which resulted six months later in Dr. Martin's marriage to fair Alice. Prepared by the Little Diamond Liver Pill Co., 68, Stanmore Road, West Green, London, N. Price 1s. 1½d., per box of forty.—[Advt.]

CAPT. JOSEPH FOSTER,
The World Renowned Lion Tamer.

MR. E. C. ECCLESTONE,
A Thorough Sportsman, Better Known as "Jolly Jumbo."

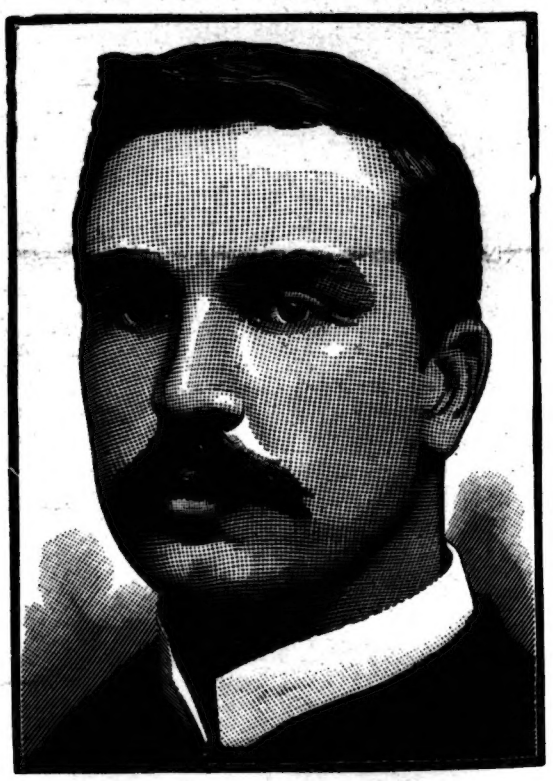
JOHN HANDLER
Was Made to Give Up his Attempt to Walk 1,000 Miles in 1,000 Hours by Bendigo, who Threatened to Pelt him with Clods of Earth, so Handler Left the Grounds in the Manner Depicted Above.

H. WALPOLE. SAM MOORES. A. ROBINSON. JOE MASON.

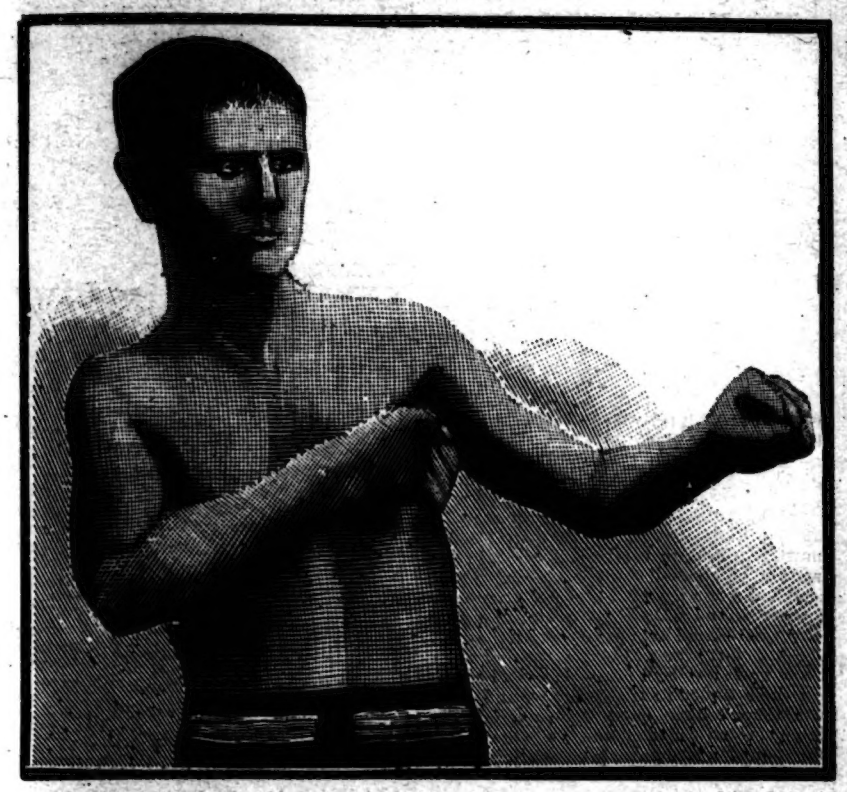
SAM MOORES, WITH HIS TRAINER AND BACKERS.

TOM HALL,
A Midget Boxer, who is Anxious to Meet a Rival in the Magic Circle.

THE PROFESSOR AND HIS PUPILS.
Illustrating the First Principles in the Art of Swimming.



MR. H. T. BLACKSTAFFE,
The Well-known Amateur Souller, who Again Competed for the Diamond Soulls at Henley.

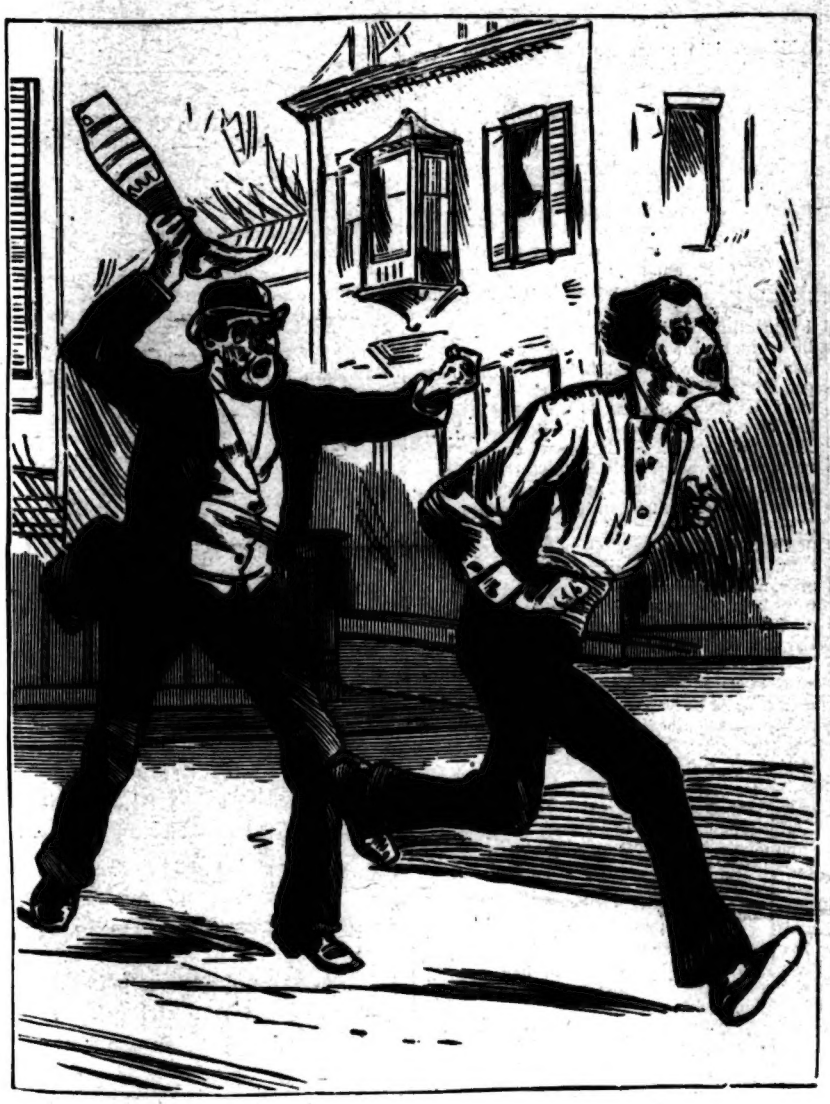


REDMOND COLMAN,

Who Recently Defeated Jack Murphy in Three Rounds at the Prince of Wales' Circus, Merthyr Tydfil.

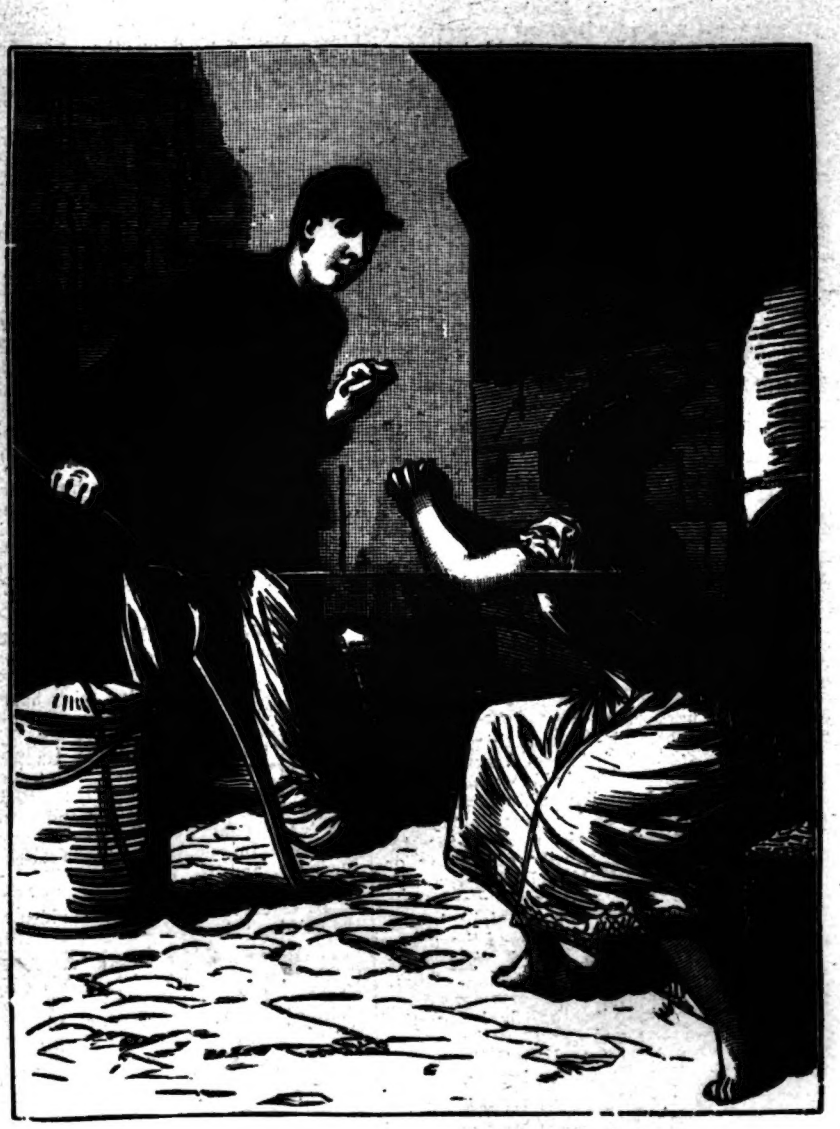
MR. B. H. HOWELL,

A Prominent American Amateur Sculler, who Held the Diamond Sculls, and Again Went for Victory.



WHACKED HIS OPPONENT WITH A DUMMY LEG.

The Frenchman Made Tracks to Escape a Hiding.



STRANGE STORY OF A WOMAN WITH AN IRON MASK.

Imprisoned for Days in a House in Brussels.

RACING AT HENLEY.

SENSATIONAL FINISH FOR THE DIAMONDS.

HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA WAS entered upon last Wednesday under most favourable conditions as regards weather, and an average attendance witnessed some good racing. In the heats for the Diamond Sculls, B. H. Howell (the holder), C. V. Fox, H. T. Blackstaffe, and E. G. Hemmerde proved successful, the Vesta oarsman beating L. Prevel in a rather sensational manner. In the first heat of the Diamond Sculls Race a very peculiar contretemps occurred. At the start Mr. Blackstaffe was practically put out of court by the blundering of an attendant, who managed to put a hole through the Vesta sculler's craft, as he held the stern of the racing boat.

Then Mons. Prevel fouled some boats when he appeared to be a sure winner. He hit a punt with his right-hand scull. This craft had its end obtruding on the course, and the Belgian got badly mixed up with the craft. Before he could use his right-hand scull again, in order to get into his proper course, he had got jumbled up with a lot of skiffs. Mr. Blackstaffe had practically given up the race at this stage of the struggle, but someone shouting to him what had befallen the Belgian, "Blackey" went on again, and, rowing in most plucky fashion, got home first. The finish would have been a close one had Mons. Prevel known where the judge's box really was. He was rowing Blackstaffe down again when he stopped pulling. Hemmerde settled the pretensions of the Belgian, Fritz Miller. Christ's College, Cambridge, went down in both races they contested, Dublin University beating them in the Thames Cup, and Trinity College, Cambridge, in the Ladies' Plate.

Visitors to the Henley Regatta on Thursday again witnessed some excellent racing. The Leander Eight had hard work to beat the Belgian crew in the Grand, and only got home, after an exciting struggle, three-quarters of a length to the good. The Trinity, Cambridge, crew had no difficulty in beating Thames R.C. in the same race. Eton and New College, Oxford, won their way into the final of the Ladies' Plate; and Dublin gained a popular win over London R.C. in the Thames Cup. C. V. Fox hunted B. H. Howell home in his heat for the Diamonds, the holder eventually winning by a length.

Henley provided a sensation on Friday, and very nearly a tragedy. B. H. Howell, the holder of the Diamond Sculls, was beaten in the final heat in two senses. E. G. Hemmerde rowed him down, and beat him by three-quarters of a length, finishing comparatively fresh, whereas Howell was so completely exhausted that he fell out of his boat and had a narrow escape from drowning. He managed to cling to his boat, however, until picked up by the umpire's craft.

Hemmerde rowed confidently, and on the day and under the conditions was clearly the better man; yet it is only fair to Howell to say that he has scarcely been himself latterly, and was in this instance unfortunate enough to draw the worse station.

The rest of the racing was for the greater part of a very exciting character, and particularly was this the case in the contest between Leander and Trinity College, Cambridge, in the final for the Grand Challenge Cup, which the former won by half a length, more by reason of the luck of the draw for stations than by superiority of rowing or watermanship. Dublin University, like Trinity in the Grand, probably owe their defeat by Trinity's second eight in the Thames Cup to the fortune of the draw. They rowed gamely, and were only beaten by a third of a length. Eton, always the most popular crew, were at length defeated in the final for the Ladies' Plate, and were perhaps not quite so good a lot as New College, Oxford, by whom they were beaten.

QUOITS.—ALF BUCKINGHAM V. JEM Doyle for a five pound note at quoits.—Alf Buckingham, who some ten years since was a very capable little boxer, is more given to throwing quoits than quoits, having served his time as a compositor (there are several comps among the boxing fraternity); but recently Alf essayed his hand at quoits and met Jem Doyle for a fiver. The conditions of the game were to play 10 yards distance, catch-weight quoits, Association rules, 31 points up. It may be mentioned that both men are novices at the game; still, their play was watched with a vast amount of interest. Result: Jem led off and scored a single; Alf replied by taking a double. Doyle at the next end placed a double to his credit. The little boxer, by dint of good play, took four singles in succession, and from this point he held the lead to the finish, although Doyle played in a determined manner. The scores read: Buckingham, 31; Doyle, 26. Referee and scorer, Sam Evans.

THE PLUNGER AND THE TEN Thousand Pounder Filly.—The luckiest man on the Turf at the present time is Mr. Robert Sievier, the brother-in-law to the late Marquis of Ailesbury, a gentleman who in his time has played many parts both in England and Australia, and since the day The Grafter won the City and Suburban Fortune has doled out her goods to him with both hands to the discomfiture of the bookmakers, and he had evidently made up his mind to expend some of his money on the Duke of Westminster's yearlings. Thus he gave 10,000 guineas for a filly by Persimmon—Ornament (which is the highest price ever paid for a yearling at public auction, King Thomas fetching £7,600), 5,600 guineas for a colt by Orme—Gantlet, 5,500 guineas for a filly by Trenton—Sandiway, and 700 guineas for a colt by Orme—Consolo. These were fancy prices, and out of all proportion to what the yearlings were worth, but as Mr. Sievier said, "What does it matter? I can get it all back by backing one or two winners." And sure enough he did contrive to win £8,000 later in the afternoon over Pheon's race, but this sort of luck that he is experiencing just now does not stick to a man for ever.

E. G. BREDIN AND H. CULLUM.—A 1,000 yards level race, for a stake of £50, took place between these well-known professional runners, at Treforest, early last week. There was very little betting, but what transpired was in favour of Cullum. Bredin, it may be remembeerd, scored handsomely in Paris on the previous Sunday, and possibly it was considered that his exertions in La Belle France might have taken something out of him. Teddy Lewis, who acted as starter, despatched the men to an excellent start. Cullum at once went to the front, and made play in hot haste for some 160 yards. Bredin, on the other hand, did not attempt to decrease his opponent's lead until within some eighty yards of the tape. Then Bredin piled on the pace, rapidly closed on Cullum, and, heading him in the last few strides, won a splendid race by a foot. Time, 2min 36⅕sec.

LEN HURST WINS THE ANNUAL Marathon road race in France in record time. This race of forty kilometres (24 miles 1506yd) was decided in Paris on Sunday, on the road which lies between the Conflans Bridge and the Velodrome du Parc des Princes, Paris, the first three men being: Len Hurst, England (£40), 1; Bagre (£12), 2; Charbonnel (£8), 3. There were 134 starters. Hurst's time beats the record.

A RECORD JUMP BY BAKER.—AT Grimsby sports on Saturday, R. H. Baker, America's champion jumper, attempted to beat the six-jump world's record, which stands at 80ft 4½in. He tied with the previous best at the first attempt, and in the second cleared 82ft 9in. A third attempt showed 84ft 6½in, clearing 16ft 4in in the last jump. He next attempted the high jump, and cleared respectively 6ft, 6ft 2in, 6ft 4in, and 6ft 7½in, beating his own world's record by three-quarters of an inch.

POLYTECHNIC CLUB'S TEN MILES Scratch Race.—Some of the best amateur riders in the South took part in the Polytechnic Cycling Club's ten miles unpaced scratch race for the challenge cup at Kensal Rise. The result was:—S. Scott, 1; W. Carvell, 2; and J. E. Harter, 3. Thirteen competed. Won by two lengths; a wheel between second and third. Time, 24min 31 3-5sec. The holder and present quarter-mile and five miles amateur champion, A. S. Ingram, was beaten in the sprint for home, and H. W. Payne, the twenty-five miles champion, punctured after going about seven miles. W. B. Dudden won the half-lap prize.

TOD SLOAN CATCHES A LITTLE (S)Pratt.—After the Selling Plate at Newmarket on Thursday Sloan lodged a complaint against A. W. Pratt, a small apprentice of Ryan's, for reckless riding, and the boy was suspended for a fortnight. One could wish that the stewards were equally harsh with more experienced riders who are daily guilty before their eyes of a similar offence. During the last few years, however, it has come to be the recognised thing to make scapegoats of the small fry and to let the big fish through the elastic meshes of the Jockey Club.

GREAT MEETING OF CHAMPIONS.

THE ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS AT STAMFORD BRIDGE.

AMERICANS WIN EIGHT OUT OF THIRTEEN EVENTS.

THE STAMFORD BRIDGE GROUNDS on Saturday were a sort of Anglo-Saxon Olympia, for from all parts of the English-speaking world, from Pennsylvania, from New South Wales and from Bengal, came athletes to dispute an inch in the jumps and the cast of the hammer, and a fraction of a second in the hurdles, the hundred yards and the four miles. Thirteen events in all were fought to a finish, and the result showed that the children are catching their mother. But only the eldest has passed her. For while England secured five events the United States placed the remaining eight to their credit. Kraenzlein, of Pennsylvania University, showed the way over the hurdles not only to England but to the world, for he flew them in the record time of 15 2-5sec for the 120 yards—a feat which few could equal if the hurdles were taken away. Altogether the ten thousand spectators enjoyed a splendid display of athleticism; and the meeting, it is pleasant to note, passed off without any international complications.

After Saturday's championship meeting at Stamford Bridge, the British Empire must give best to the United States in the matter of short-distance running. If we still had a Bradley or a Downer among our sprinters, and a Bredin or a Tindall among our quarter-milers, things might be different; but Americans are having their day, and we congratulate our cousins on their undoubted superiority, and await the time, which must come, sooner or later, when more men of the class mentioned above have been developed. It would, however, have taken something more than a first-class man to have beaten Alvin Charles Kraenzlein on Saturday. His manner of clearing the obstacles is unique. There is nothing like the evidence of jumping which is prominent in other hurdlers; he literally runs over the hurdles, taking them in his stride. His time, 15 2-5sec, is world's record for a grass track. He has done 15 1-5sec on cinders in America.

KRAENZLEIN.

Kraenzlein repeated his American performance of winning the long-jumping, as well as the hurdling championship. His 22ft 10½in was rather disappointing, but it should be remembered that a strong cross wind prevailed. Such a wind bothers jumpers even more than runners. Kraenzlein has done 24ft 4½in. M. W. Long, who secured the quarter-mile, is a splendidly-built athlete. Under more favourable conditions he would have got very close to the British amateur record of 48½sec. A. F. Duffy, who won the 100 yards, looks anything but a champion sprinter. In build, he is the very opposite of Long, but remarkable smartness in getting off the mark and very quick strides enabled him to get home in 10sec, just as he had done in the United States championship. At hammer-throwing and high jumping, J. J. Flanagan and J. K. Baxter were, in their respective events, a class above their opponents. Baxter's style of jumping is grotesque but effective. If beaten in the sprints and field events, English athletes have the gratification of knowing that in distance races they retain their supremacy. The half-mile, mile, four miles, steeplechase, and walk were kept in the Old Country. A. E. Tysoe's perfect judgment enabled him to beat J. F. Cregan, of Princeton, by five yards in the final of the half; and in the other distance events the Americans were outclassed, although A. Grant, the United States champion, managed to gain a place in the mile.

WHIPPET RACING.—MR. GEO. Thurling, of Smithfield, who is beyond all doubt the greatest enthusiast of the sport in London, has undertaken another venture, this time at the Wood Lane grounds, Shepherd's Bush. This is the only 200yd track in London (the proper distance, as in Lancashire). The next handicap takes place Saturday next, July 14. The Central Railway runs to the grounds. Geo. Thurling certainly deserves the thanks of all true lovers of the sport, for he has spared neither time, trouble, nor expense to make it a popular and lasting success.

DOWNER v. BREDIN.—THIS match has fallen through owing to an accident which befell Downer, and consequently his inability to get fit. Downer broke down in the hurdle race in Paris on Sunday. The Scotchman's leg has swollen to twice its natural size. With several engagements on hand, this accident could not have happened to Downer at a worse time.

THE CHAMPION NEAPOLITAN ICE makers, Messrs. Israel and Abrahams, sent a sample of their celebrated cream. It is a grand refresher and the finest pick-me-up possible, and being made of the genuine materials, is not in the least injurious. We thoroughly enjoyed the samples sent.

MADE A BET THAT HE WOULD Hang Himself.—William Clark, a well-known sporting character of Peterborough, made a bet that he would hang himself. He carried it out, first twisting a soft cloth round the noose "so that it should not cut his neck." The coroner's jury returned a verdict of temporarily insane.

I, PETER KEEFE, OF BRIDGEND, now at Wapley, would like to step-dance any wooden leg dancer in Wales or West of England for a purse of £5 to £10, but must not use a crutch. An answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will mean business.

WHAT THE AUDIENCE SAW WHEN THE CURTAIN WENT UP.

An Amusing Scene Quite Unrehearsed.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"BEHIND the scenes." If we only knew what goes on behind the scenes we should all be in the "know." Even those who are behind don't know everything. A curious case of this kind actually occurred at a theatre where the ladies of the ballet stood close to the footlights, and in company with the fireman, policeman, and stage carpenter were handing round drinks previous to the more serious business, when lo and behold the curtain suddenly went up, and the whole party with jugs and mugs of beer could be seen by the audience, who laughed heartily at the incident, the gods calling for an encore.

RUSSIAN SOLDIERS' DESPERATE BATTLE AGAINST THOUSANDS OF WOLVES.

Fierce Battle for Life in Siberia Against a Ravenous Foe.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A PARTY of Russian soldiers escorting about fifty prisoners to Siberia was attacked by a horde of wolves numbering some thousands, who suddenly came upon them in the night. The soldiers formed a square, placing their prisoners in the centre, and kept up a constant fire on the ravenous beasts. Burning brushwood was constantly thrown in the front to drive them back, but it was only after a very desperate resistance that the animals were driven back, and at daylight their bodies, charred and burnt, could be counted in hundreds lying around. Some of the wounded wolves were torn to pieces by their companions and devoured.

MURDER OF THE MINISTER IN TREACHEROUS CHINA.

Massacre of the Christian Population in the Celestial Empire.

(Subject of Illustration.)

INFORMATION has reached Shanghai that the German Minister was attacked at his house in Pekin, and murdered by a fanatical mob of Chinese. The British Consul at Chefoo telegraphs that the German Minister at Pekin was murdered by native troops on June 18. The American Consul states that a telegram from General Yung-Lu of June 26 reports that the other foreign Ministers were safe that morning, but that their situation was desperate, and he doubted whether they could hold out for another 24 hours, as he and the Empress could no longer protect them.

EDWARD LAYTON, LATE OF THE Duke of Cambridge, Kingston Vale.—Will he kindly send his address to E. Church, 2, Jocelyn Road, Kew Road, Richmond.

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ADVT.

OPENING OF THE NEW MAFEKING GYMNASIUM, LEICESTER.

NAT LANGHAM'S COUNTY—A FEW PARTICULARS OF NAT.

MOST COUNTIES HAVE PRODUCED fistic celebrities who have risen to high rank in their profession, but none more than Leicester. In Leicester, or its neighbourhood, Nat Langham was reared, and ould Nat had more to do with pugilism for twenty years than any other member of the *corps fistique*. Long before Nat became the proprietor of the famous Mitre, in St. Martin's Lane, he travelled the road with a boxing booth, and it was Nat who first introduced Jem Mace to the public. The story is rather curious. Jem Mace was apprenticed to a sawyer (always a top sawyer) and, not liking his trade, he ran away, at the age of sixteen, with one "Bunny" Bligh, of Norwich (still alive) Hearing that "Ould Nat" was coming along the road with his booth, Jem Mace engaged "Bunny" in a mimic contest, and when Langham arrived upon the scene he took an instant liking to the straight and effective hitting of the youngster, Jem Mace, and enlisted him at once as a member of his travelling troupe of boxers. Jem Mace has often told us how proudly he strutted about in the boxing singlet furnished the lad by Nat. "I have had many happy days," said Jem, "but this was certainly the happiest day of my life." Nat Langham was the only man who ever defeated Tom Sayers. This was for the middle-weight championship. In those days Tom Sayers kept the Bricklayers' Arms in Camden Town, which was a beerhouse, whilst Nat Langham kept the Mitre, a fully-licensed house in St. Martin's Lane. When Nat had won this championship he placed a pair of red lamps outside his "sporting drum," on each of which was written the words "Nat Langham, middle-weight champion of England." These red lamps so enraged Tom Sayers, who had vainly endeavoured to get a return match on with Nat Langham, that he offered to fight Nat for the lamps. If he won to put them outside the Bricklayers' Arms, if he lost to let them remain where they were; but Nat Langham would not listen to the voice of the charmer, and he wisely left Tom alone, directing his attention to business, winding up his pugilistic career with one other fight, which was purely a family matter brought about by the respective wives of Nat Langham and his opposition neighbour at the Coach and Horses, Ben Caunt.

Leicester has been pretty quiet as far as matters pugilistic are concerned, and it was in reading of the opening night early last week that the doings of Nat Langham, Dick Cain, and other pugs. were brought to mind as living in or near that favoured city.

The opening night at the above gymnasium was inaugurated by a six rounds contest, in which Fred Cox, of Leicester, beat Goodacre, of Leicester. Goodacre made the pace, using his left with considerable effect.

"'Tis not the miles we travel
But the pace that kills."

When Goodacre slowed down Cox woke up, and coming along with a wet sail, secured a grand contest. Four Rounds Contest: W. Greaves (Leicester) beat Joe Coleman (Worcester).—Greaves, who is a coming lad at about 9st, set about Coleman in fine style, and just won an exciting contest. Eight Rounds Contest: Jem Fay (Leicester) beat Young Norman (Leicester).—This was a very poor fight. Fay punched Norman all over the ring, and in the second round the referee stopped the contest and gave in to Fay to save Norman from further punishment. Ten Rounds Contest: Billy Hancock (Leicester) beat Shepperd (Leicester).—Hancock, who would be a big handful for any of the London lads at about 7st, started in grand style, and scored points in every round up to the fifth round, when Shepperd made his friends jubilant with a splendid right-hand punch that downed Hancock, but Hancock soon recovered, and in the end won with a bit to spare. Ten Rounds Contest: H. Connell (London) beat J. Orton (Leicester).—This was the important contest of the night. Rounds 1, 2, and 3. There was not much to choose between them, first one and then the other having the best of it, but Connell with a good straight left kept on scoring and won well in the end.

BOXING CONTEST AT GLASGOW.—Sydney Holden, of Glasgow, and Will Smith, of Manchester, settled their match on the night of June 3 for the final of a silver cup. Round 1. Smith made the first lead, but fell short. When they closed in Holden punched Smith lightly on the ribs with his right. Smith came back with the left on the neck; he tried to jab with the left, but Holden jumped away. Both ducked under heavy swings. Round 2. Holden tried for an opening but failed to lure Smith on. Smith, however, got to his opponent's wind, and tried for the jaw but failed. Holden got a good right hand under Smith's heart which stunned him. Round 3. Smith opened the fight this round. Holden reached Smith's wind twice, but received a hard counter from Smith's right There was sparring towards the end of the round. Round 4. Holden seemed to fathom Smith's left in this round, for after Smith had led twice with his left he sent in two heavy swings, one on the body and the other on the jaw, which drew blood, and when he took his chair his face was cut. Round 5. Smith slipped in making a lead, but Holden willingly helped him up. Smith was bent on forcing matters, but could not get at his man. Holden got a hard right under Smith's heart. Smith then punched Holden severely on the body. Round 6. Holden almost dropped Smith with a heavy swing, which took the gameness out of him, for he clinched, and when they got to the middle of the ring he fought very feebly. Round 7 and last. Holden was fresh, and took up the fighting. He sent out a left which cut Smith's eye. Smith, however, jumped in, but just to receive a right-hand swing on the jaw, which sent him to the floor. He failed to come up to time, and was counted out.

HEXHAM HOUSE SALOON, NEWCASTLE.—The week following the Newcastle Summer Races never is one that is productive to sport in the northern city, but there was a fair gathering of spectators at Mr. James Lowes's Hexham House Saloon, Newcastle, on Saturday evening. As usual, the programme was profuse in entertainment, and was thoroughly enjoyed. To start the business, J. Johnson and W. Brown boxed three rounds in excellent style, and they were not more successful in edifying than were "Dido" Vardy and Tom Spring. H. Aleck and J. Nelson gave a good show, as did J. Tait and Tim Kelly. The next portion of the entertainment was an eight rounds contest between S. Vinton and J. M'Given, both of Gateshead. On being told to go, Vinton set about his man in good style, M'Given feebly responding. Towards the end of the round the latter was sent down three times, but lasted the round. On being called upon for the second bout, he declined to continue. Mr. Lowes, however, not wishing those present to be disappointed, got "Darkey" Carpenter to step into the breach, and this he did willingly. They were only asked to go for four rounds, and this they did in such extra good style that Jack Palmer, who acted as referee, had perforce to give his decision as a draw. The timekeeper was Mr. Lumley, and the seconds "Spider" Carr and S. Johnson.

JONATHAN LAMBERT v. JAMES CONLON for £80.—On Saturday evening, at the Hexham House Saloon, Newcastle, £5 a-side, making £10 a-side now down, was posted with the stakeholder, Mr. James Lowes, in the match between Jonathan Lambert, of Smalwell, and James Conlon, of Whickham. The match, which is for the Pitmen's Heavy-weight championship, was ratified some three weeks ago, and in addition to the honour there will be £25 a-side at stake and a purse of £30 given by Mr. James Lowes. There was a large beat-up of the partisans of the men at the meeting on Saturday, and it was evident that great interest is being taken in the match, not only in the local mining districts, but amongst all the local sporting fraternities. There was some quibbling as to the appointment of a referee, but eventually it was agreed that the Editor of THE MIRROR OF LIFE should be allotted that privilege. The match will take place at the Hexham House Saloon at four o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, August 4.

ANDREW WOOD WISHES TO HEAR from Young Moss, of London, with regard to his (Moss's) match with Young Tate, of Newcastle.

BOXING ENTERTAINMENT AT WONDERLAND.

SPLENDID BOXING TO A GOOD HOUSE.

IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN CONSIDERED in sporting circles that contests well made are certain to bring a good house, and by the same rule a good programme is a certain assurance of success. To arrange a boxing tournament so to command not only a large attendance but first-class boxing is by no manner an easy matter of accomplishment. It is not difficult to pair the competitors so that on paper at least an exciting night's sport may confidently be anticipated, but one man can take a horse to the water, but ninety-nine cannot make him drink. So as boxing may be witnessed in all its glory, and to do away with Mr. Arrangement, we, when boxers are not trying, either order them out of the ring after a caution or declare it no contest. Many of the onlookers think that both are trying, but they must give way in their judgment to men who in their profession see boxing every night an entertainment takes place. Knowing the form of almost every exponent of the noble art, our representative knows whether they are boxing an exhibition, or by a number of quick blows are trying to deceive the public. Boxing is essentially a winter pastime, but many of its followers would prefer to see its popularity extend from January to December, irrespective of the most tropical of weather. Joe Smith, in spite of monetary considerations, continues to keep the game alive in the East-end, and those who in the old days went to the Mile End Gate, the Blue Anchor, Excelsior Baths, New Goodwin Club, &c., now transfer their patronage to Wonderland. Despite losses (at times), the promoter—who won many laurels when stationed in Ireland, including the 9st 6lb championship of his regiment—continues to bring the sport into prominence throughout the summer, and has already negotiated for a hall (that will hold about 1,200) to take the place of Wonderland when it comes down. Last Saturday the possibility of disappointment with regard to the programme was nullified by the wisdom of the promoter in putting together lads that were capable of satisfying the audience. The office of referee is no sinecure, as everyone knows more about the business than him; but it does not make any difference to our representatives, who, irrespective of creed or colour, give the decision to the one who deserves it, despite cheers or hisses. Ben Harris tells the tale better than anyone, and on this occasion acted as M.C., Bob Knott and Harry Jacobs as timekeepers, and THE MIRROR OF LIFE as referee.

SIX ROUNDS CONTEST.

ARCHIE WRIGHT beat BILL HURLEY.

Wright did as he liked in the opening round, and in the second the bout was stopped and the verdict was given to Wright.

SIX ROUNDS CONTEST.

NAT KEYSER beat ALF LEEPER.

Keyser as soon as they stood up set to work, but his opponent retaliated with double hits, and there was not much in it when they retired to their corners. The next rounds were hotly contested by fighting for all they were worth, and although they did not go with their usual dash excitement ran high, the friends of both being present in numbers. An extra round was ordered, and doing all the work, the verdict went to Keyser.

SPECIAL SIX ROUNDS CONTEST.

BILL PERCY and MIKE CASEY.

Like tigers they went at it, Percy going all the way till the end, and hit like a horse could kick. Casey acted cleverly, and the best fight of the night took place, Percy going down as time was called in the second round. Recuperated by the rest, Percy forced his opponent all over the ring, and Casey gamely took a terrific hiding. A rare old fight ensued, Percy forcing the exchanges, but Casey was always first, while his opponent's swings generally went at the back of the head. To the end they contested, and had they got £1,000 for the work it could not have been harder or more fiercely contested. In the last round Casey drew level, and a draw was returned. We should recommend promoters to try and get this pair to fight again, as whatever they get is not too much.

EIGHT ROUNDS CONTEST.

"JUMBO" KING beat GEORGE MARLOW.

The pair were attended to by Bob Russell, Harry Slough, and Charlie Smirks. Both hit as if Mr. Arrangement was in evidence and one was to go out. "Brummy" told them of it, but though they kept swinging their hands there was nothing in it. Our representative has seen King box altogether when he evidently wanted to win, but he hit without any force, chancing where the blows would land. King at the next time of asking went well. A claim for foul after a solar plexus hit being disallowed Marlow retired in the sixth round.

EIGHT ROUNDS CONTEST.

CHARLIE SMIRKS and HARRY SLOUGH.

A scientific bout, both showing to advantage in the art of hit, stop, and get away. It was a very pretty contest. It was different to the other bouts, as science predominated, but the others were better liked by the majority of the spectators, who like to see a bout where brute strength is first and foremost. It was a splendid battle to the end, and finally the verdict was a draw.

A special three rounds display between Tom Ireland and Bill Chester brought down the house, being very scientific throughout. A four rounds trial between Bill Shaw and Harry Dixon was full of hard hitting, both being applauded at the close.

SIX ROUNDS CONTEST.

BERT ADAMS beat TOM KING.

When Greek meets Greek comes the tug of war, and the bout brought the old saying to the mind. Both tried all they knew in an exciting battle, first one and then the other being in the van. During the final portion Adams went best and gained the decision by a narrow margin.

TEN ROUNDS CONTEST.

JACK LEWIS beat ERNIE HUNT.

A side stake depended on the result, and the black evidently intended to win. As soon as they stood up he sent both hands on the dial, while his opponent retaliated on the body. Every round was fiercely contested, and when Hunt went to sleep (from the effects of a right-hand swing) in the sixth round Lewis held the advantage on points.

Three Rounds Exhibition: Clarence Holt and Harry Paul.—A very sharp and lively encounter that pleased the audience.

Next Saturday a special boxing entertainment takes place, and several contests worth seeing will be staged.

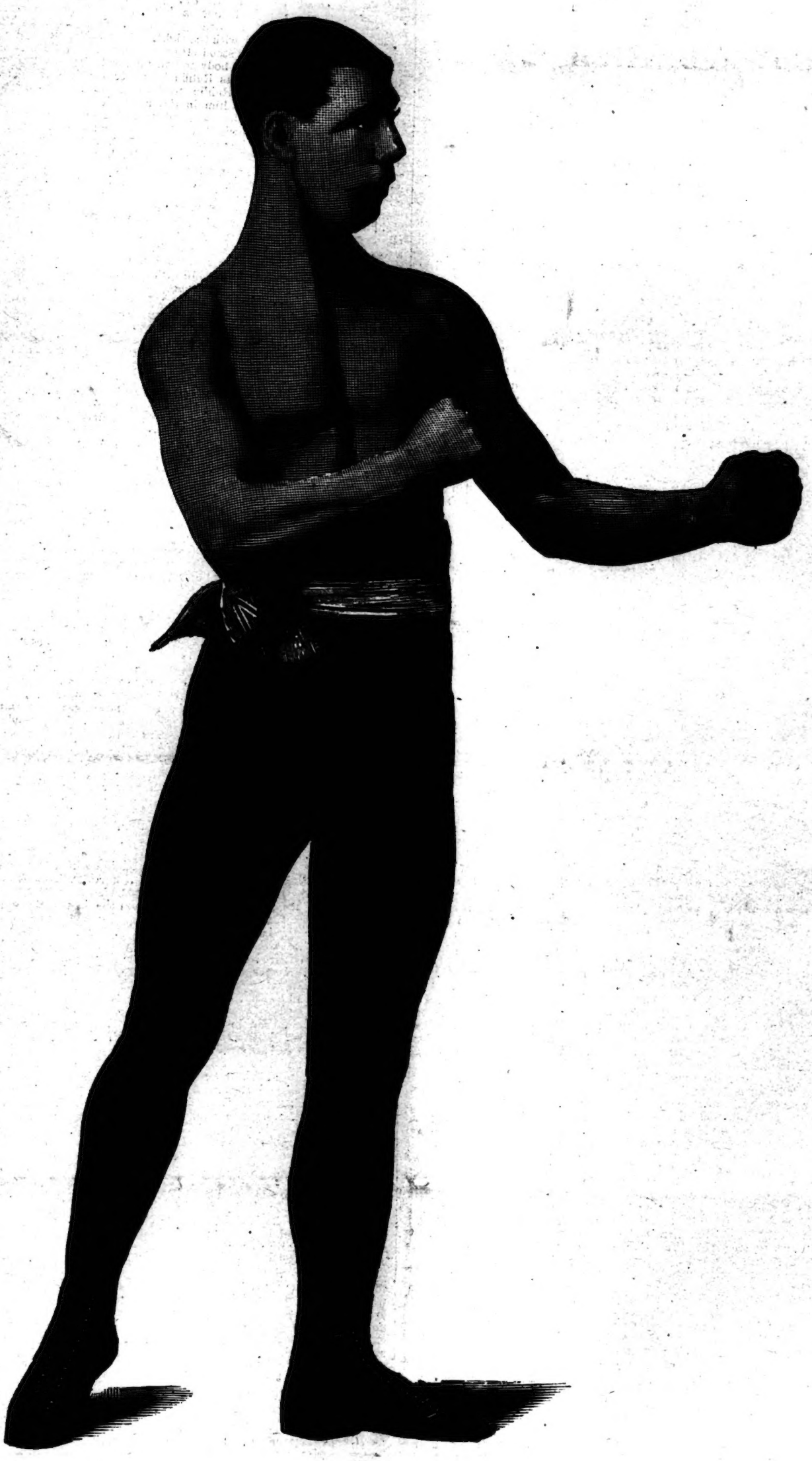
EXTRA SPECIAL AT WONDERLAND.—White and Black.—On Saturday next, July 14, Joe Smith holds a mammoth boxing entertainment at the resort in Whitechapel. Every bout will be between black and white men. The principal bouts will be: International Fifteen Rounds Contests: Ben Mercer (New York) and Jack Calder (London), Jack Lewis (America) and Nat Keyser (England). International Ten Rounds Contests: Arthur Ray (U.S.A.) and Alf Leeper (Canning Town). Angus Griffo (Buffalo) and Bill Eacott (Bethnal Green), Jack Dixon (Nova Scotia) and Mike Casey (St. Luke's), Sam Cavill (Boston) and Alf Barnard (Spitalfields). International Special Six Rounds Contest: An unknown (San Francisco) and Ted Ware (Mile End). Prices, 1s. and 2s.; enclosure, 3s.; ring seats, 5s.; special reserved stage seats, 10s. Owing to this monster programme early doors will be opened at 6.45, commence at 7.30. Referee, MIRROR OF LIFE; timekeeper, Mr. Fred Gedge, the Bacchus, Hoxton; M.C., Ben Harris. For tickets, apply at once to Joe Smith, the Queen Victoria, Barnett Grove, Bethnal Green. Telephone No. 670 Eastern.

OPEN-AIR BOXING AT BOW.—TOM Conner, the noted pedestrian promoter, staged a special open-air fistic carnival last Saturday at Bow running grounds. The resort is famous for pedestrianism and whippet racing, and this time, with the assistance of "Brummy" Meadows, a competition for boxers at 7st 6lb took place. More scrappers than sightseers were present, but out of the large number of entries only four turned up to box for the prize. Details: Mr. Jack Ewin and Jack Jones acted as judges, "Brummy" as referee and M.C., and THE MIRROR OF LIFE as timekeeper. 7st 6lb competition: First heat.—Bill Simkins beat Ted Watten.—Simkins set to work, and hitting very hard soon sent his rival all over the ring; following him up he had him dead beat at the call of "Time!" At the next meeting Watten showed traces of punishment, the claret showing on his dial. Simkins had only to last out time to win, his opponent being painted red, but a rare game one was Watten, and he lasted the whole of the way. Bob Russell and Joe Lucy seconded the competitors. When Johnny Ford was called he could not be found, and Young Soden sparred a bye with Dick Parkes. Final Bout: Young Soden beat Simkins.—Soden was the taller, and despite his opponent's hard hitting, scored well. In the second round Soden, with a right hook, sent his opponent out.

BOXING AT THE STOCKTON Excelsior Gymnasium.—In the 8st 4lb competition G. Thomas beat W. Bradley after a very good contest. Bradley was repeatedly on the floor, but he was as game as a pebble. At the conclusion he got beat on points. G. Baker beat Jack Thorn.—Thorn started the mischief in a hurricane style, but found Baker all there, and with straight left jabs he soon had Thorn beat. Thorn was repeatedly on the floor, going down without a blow. G. Thomas beat Clem Baker after four good rounds. Bat Hayes boxed a bye with Ned Taylor. Then came the contest of the evening, ten rounds between Charlie Lister, of Stockton, and Sam Cowan, of Newcastle.—Cowan won after two severe rounds. Final of the 8st 4lb Competition: G. Thomas beat Bat Hayes after a very good contest which lasted six rounds, when Thomas was returned the winner on points. Andrew Wood, of Gateshead, was referee, Mr. O'Donnell, Middlesbrough, was timekeeper, and M.C. Professor Brown.

W. J. PEALL,

The Champion "All In" Billiardist, who Holds the Record for the Largest Break Ever Made at English Billiards.



WILLIE SMITH.

A Clever Feather-weight, who at One Time Fought for the World's Championship at his Weight.

TOM SHARKEY DEFEATED.

HE IS CUT TO RIBBONS BY GUS RUHLIN

IN FIFTEEN ROUNDS.

(Special Report from Our Own Correspondent at the Ringside.)

NEW YORK, June 27, 1900.

Coached by former champion Corbett, and displaying remarkable fighting ability himself, Gus Ruhlin, the "Akron Giant," upset all calculations last night when he knocked Tom Sharkey, the noted sailor pugilist, into such a state of helplessness at the Seaside Sporting Club, of Coney Island, that Referee John White stopped the fight in the fifteenth round. More than 6,000 spectators went to the arena expecting to see Sharkey make a chopping block of Ruhlin, who was knocked out in a punch by the sailor two years ago. Few paid attention to the stories that Ruhlin had improved; and nobody expected him to put to sleep the man who has met all of the latter-day pugilists of note without being stopped. Jeffries had failed to stop Sharkey in twenty-five rounds, and that fact was made the basis of the argument that Ruhlin would prove unequal to the task. But as the fight turned out all of these ideas and predictions were worthless. Ruhlin fought Sharkey with beautiful judgment. He met the sailor's rushes, which were always in evidence, with straight lefts. These blows bruised the sailor's face beyond recognition, and so blinded him that he was virtually helpless when Ruhlin knocked him down for the first time in the fifteenth round. Five times after that the plucky sailor was floored, but he hung on like grim death, and was only beaten when referee John White refused to allow the slaughter to proceed. Although Sharkey rushed all through the fight, swinging blows that were fearful in force, he did not land with enough effect to have Ruhlin bordering upon Queer Street. On the other hand, Ruhlin, though not a powerful slugger, had enough power behind his smashes to jar Sharkey from head to heels on many different occasions. He took no chances of mixing it unless forced to do so, and used his left almost exclusively until he had his man where he wanted him. Then he whipped over what is known as "Corbett's inside punch," which helped to do the business. Sharkey was literally beaten to ribbons from the start. Ruhlin had his measure, and just stood up and trimmed him with the skill of an artist. In Ruhlin's corner was Corbett, who told him just how to do the trick, and Gus proved to be a willing pupil. There was never a time when Ruhlin lost his head. He took matters coolly, and though Sharkey rushed him incessantly, he stood him off with tactics that denoted skill and headwork. After the first round ended, Ruhlin had confidence, and he proceeded to work the left hand so effectively in Tom's face that the latter was compelled to pull up in his assault. In the third round Ruhlin gave an inkling of what might happen by jarring the sailor so perceptibly that the great crowd broke into frantic cheers. Ruhlin seemed to tire just a trifle in the fourth, and when the fifth ended he was slightly unsteady, because of smashes that he received on the head. Sharkey's mouth began to bleed at that stage, and in the sixth round his right eye was split clean open. All of this damage was done with left handers that were shot out whenever Sharkey came boring in like a bulldog. Sharkey was almost finished in the eighth round. He was knocked down with a smash on the jaw a moment before the bell, and was reeling against the ropes when the gong permitted him to go to his corner. Then Ruhlin began to trim his man with care and effect. He poured the smashes into the sailor's battered face until he was blinded and in constant distress. It was in the eleventh that the crowd thought that Sharkey was trying to fight foul because he hit a bit low. But Tom was not doing anything intentional, and he proved that by his fair, game fighting after that point. The sailor was staggering in the thirteenth and fourteenth rounds, and could have been knocked out clean if Ruhlin had been able to hit like Fitzsimmons or Sharkey himself, but at that the blows landed by Ruhlin seemed to slowly sap the strength of the big sailor, and so he kept driving them in until Sharkey fell helpless to the canvas for the last time. Sharkey's gameness was the one redeeming feature of his performance. He was not in the shape he displayed against Jeffries, but that is not an excuse for him. He fought with poor judgment, paid little or no attention to the instructions of his seconds, and as soon as he found that Ruhlin could hit him almost where he pleased, Tom lost his head and put up a very amateurish argument. The fight itself was one of the most desperate ever seen in the East. No time was lost in looking-glass tactics, or in sprinting around the ring. The men simply stood up and slugged until one of them dropped. There was some roughness at times, but considering the fast pace that was excusable. After the fight Sharkey's face was so severely punched up that his friends did not know him. Ruhlin, barring a swelling over the nose, had no marks, and will be around to-day to receive congratulations. Ruhlin now has a right to another battle with champion Jeffries, with whom he has already fought a twenty-round draw. Ruhlin would also draw a crowd in a go with Fitzsimmons or Corbett. He is entitled to the highest praise for persistent training and for the improvement he has made through diligent study of the manly art. Sharkey is out of it for the present, but, like nearly all defeated pugilists, he will probably want another chance at his conqueror. Ruhlin's triumph was a facer for the wise men who like to pick winners of fights. At one time the betting was 100 to 40 and even 100 to 35 against him, with few takers. A pile of money was lost on the proposition that Ruhlin would not go ten rounds. The result only goes to show that fighters, like racehorses, sometimes go wrong, and Sharkey to-day is likened unto a thoroughbred beaten from the flag. Just before the preliminary fight was put on, Ruhlin made his way through the aisle and passed the ring. He was cordially received. Then came "Champion" Jem Jeffries, hardly noticed, with his left arm in a plaster cast. Jeff had to walk all the way round the ring before he could find his seat. There was no demonstration because the preliminary was being announced at the time. "Itsy" Ryan, of Brooklyn, heralded as a world-beater, was pitted against "Buck" Farley, also of Brooklyn, in a twelve rounds bout at 120lb. John White was the referee, and Joe Dunn was the official timekeeper. Farley was no match for Ryan, and was virtually knocked out in the fourth round, after he had put up a plucky but hopeless argument. There were nearly 5,000 spectators in the house when this affair ended, but there was little or no betting. Sharkey was considered by the talent a sure winner, and very few of the wise men were willing to take a chance on Ruhlin, even at tempting odds. As the big fellows were slow in getting ready, and the crowd, which was rapidly swelling, showed impatience, the management decided to put on another preliminary between "Kid" Thomas and Sam Bolen, stable companions, who were to go six rounds at catch-weights. They undoubtedly had an understanding, and did not hit at all with closed gloves. Altogether it was a clever set-to, and served to amuse a majority of the crowd, which now footed up more than six thousand. Bolen got the decision. It was not long afterwards when Sharkey appeared with his seconds, Tom O'Rourke, George Dickson, and Jack Sullivan. The sailor wore a pink breech-clout with a green belt and an American flag attached. He was well received, but not so enthusiastically as Ruhlin, who followed promptly with Jem Corbett, Billy Madden, Charley Goff, and Homer Selby. Ruhlin wore a simple white breech-clout. Both were powerfully put together, Ruhlin having advantage in height, reach, and weight. They tossed for chairs, and Sharkey was compelled to take what is know as the "losing corner." Ruhlin sat in the chair occupied by Jeffries in all his battles at this club for the championship. Both men wore bandages on their hands. As they drew on a new set of gloves offers of 10 to 4 on Sharkey were made around the ring, with few takers. The conditions of the fight were twenty-five rounds, at catch-weights. Ruhlin weighed 195, he said, although he looked to be over 200. Sharkey said he was not over 185. Straight Queensberry rules prevailed. They shook hands at 10.15 o'clock. Round 1. Ruhlin shifted around with his feet as Sharkey began with a speedy advance. Sharkey rushed his man to a clinch and on the break chased Ruhlin into another. The sailor lowered his head and swung heavily to the body, but Ruhlin, dancing away, put in a sharp left to the face. Sharkey let up with his rushing for a moment, but as Ruhlin was not anxious to go to him, Tom went in again with swings. Ruhlin met him with a corking left on the mouth and Sharkey was visibly jarred. But the sailor only laughed and went in again with hard boring tactics, Ruhlin jabbing him in the face with a heavy left. There was something the matter with the bell, and the timekeeper had to yell to the men to stop. Round 2. Sharkey rushed at once, but Ruhlin clinched. Sharkey tried another rush, but missed his swings, and Ruhlin shook him off at will. Ruhlin put a solid left in the mouth. Sharkey rushed again and put a left over that grazed the jaw. Ruhlin was careful and used his left with good effect until he had Sharkey in a corner, where Tom was staggered with the right. Ruhlin then met a blind rush with a terrible left on the mouth. Sharkey stood still and sparred. Ruhlin then went to him, and both landed fearful smashes in the body and on the head. It was Ruhlin's round. Round 3. Sharkey rushed at once, and as Ruhlin began to rough Tom looked appealingly at the referee. They mixed it until Ruhlin stood away. As Sharkey followed with a hard, head-down rush, Ruhlin uppercut him in the stomach and brought a clinch. Ruhlin met another rush with lefts in the face, and also staggered Tom with the right. Sharkey squatted down on one knee with his face turned, but was not groggy. When he got up Ruhlin hooked him on the jaw with left and right, and Sharkey's legs began to wobble. Sharkey was as slow as molasses, and Ruhlin began to laugh instead of wearing the serious look that was apparent before this stage. Round 4. Sharkey rushed as soon as he got up from his chair. Ruhlin ducked away from a great swing and clinched as Tom drove him to the ropes. Sharkey stood up with hands working slowly, while Ruhlin whipped a left to the stomach. Ruhlin then put another left on the jaw, and Sharkey, bounding off the ropes, had to clinch to escape a heavy right. Sharkey was slow for a moment, but he soon cut loose a left that grazed the jaw. Ruhlin worked his left some more with effect, but Sharkey drove the left into the stomach, and when the bell rang Ruhlin was beginning to look tired. Round 5. Sharkey jumped in with a right in the stomach and a left hook on the neck. Ruhlin clinched, and as they got clear Sharkey went to him again with a left on the body, at the same time receiving a hot counter on the mouth. Ruhlin jabbed the face with lefts, but Sharkey rushed him to the ropes, and hammered him hard on the body. Ruhlin then put in nine jabs, and Sharkey's mouth began to bleed. Tom did not mind, and with terrible swings he soon had Ruhlin shaky. They got clinched, and the crowd yelled "Foul!" As the bell was about to ring Sharkey reached the jaw and Ruhlin staggered to his corner. Round 6. Ruhlin avoided a rush and put a left on the right eye, which split it for a stream of blood. Sharkey was a tiger then and rushed in with fearful swings, which put Ruhlin on the defensive. They got into a fierce mix-up, in which Ruhlin held his own. He staggered Sharkey with more lefts, and also driving the right to the body had the sailor guessing. Ruhlin covered his man's face with blood, and by shooting in more sharp lefts he had Tom bewildered. Ruhlin finished the steadier, but Sharkey was laughing when he sat down. Round 7. Sharkey dashed in with a fierce left that missed the point of the jaw by an inch. Ruhlin met another rush with a great left, and then they fell to hugging. Sharkey was slow in comparison with the Akron giant and seemed to be puzzled. Ruhlin avoided his hard rushes nicely, and also did a great deal of effective blocking. Gus never failed to use his left in the face, but the blows failed to keep the sailor off. Soon Ruhlin, with left and right well placed on the head, had Sharkey wobbling again and also clinching. Sharkey was fighting roughly and wildly in the last minute, while Ruhlin kept his head and seemed to be filled with ever increasing confidence. Round 8. Ruhlin sneaked the right over to the head as Sharkey bored in. Tom rushed with right and left swings, but they were short of the proper marks. Sharkey continued his rushing tactics, and as they roughed it near the ropes there was another cry of "Foul." Ruhlin put in a couple of lefts that cut the right eye badly again, and Sharkey was in some trouble. Still, he rushed like a wild bull, swinging and roughing, while Ruhlin smashed him again and again in the face. Ruhlin finally got a terrific right over on the jaw, and Sharkey sank down. The bell saved him, and he tottered to his corner. Round 9. Sharkey began with the same old rush. Ruhlin was in no hurry, but as Sharkey still rushed he met him with lefts, and also got the right over to the neck. Then Ruhlin put in left and right straight to the face, and Tom reeled. He steadied himself and ripped a fearful right over, which Ruhlin dodged. They got into a rapid exchange, and then a long clinch. Sharkey rushed in vain, as Ruhlin either sidestepped or clinched. It was give-and-take after that, and Ruhlin put in a tremendous body blow that made Tom wince. Ruhlin worked his left again on the eye, and when the bell sounded they were easing up. Round 10. Ruhlin met a rush with a left on the eye, and Sharkey, catching him around the neck, dragged him back to the ropes. Sharkey jumped in with a left in the stomach, and as he tried it again Ruhlin ducked into the blow. Sharkey was now rushing with all of his former power, but his blows were wild. Ruhlin, on the other hand, belted him in the face with hard lefts, and Sharkey was unsteady. Still the sailor was coming until Ruhlin put a right to the body and a left to the neck. Sharkey stopped a moment, but finished the round with still another dash. Round 11. Sharkey seemed to be recovering rapidly as he came up. He jumped in with a wild swing, and as Ruhlin rapped him in the face with more stinging lefts, Tom clinched. Ruhlin took a chance with the right, and got it to the ear. Sharkey came right after him, however, but Ruhlin escaped by breaking ground. Ruhlin was finally cornered, and Sharkey slugged away until clinched. Sharkey soon tired, and Ruhlin, with a quick smash on the jaw, made him stagger. Sharkey hit rather low, but not too low to count a foul. Tom's eye and nose were bleeding when he sat down. Ruhlin had no marks. Round 12. Ruhlin met the usual rush with a stiff uppercut in the stomach. Ruhlin then jabbed Sharkey quickly in the face for more blood, and then shifted around the edge of the ring, landing as he moved. Sharkey was slow and lumbering. He was warned for roughing in a clinch. Then he aimed a tremendous right for the jaw and nearly got there. It was a dangerous punch and Ruhlin knew it. Gus stood off after that and contented himself with lefts in the damaged face, which was a sight when Sharkey's seconds took hold of him. Round 13. Ruhlin danced away from a rush and both grinned. Ruhlin put in half-a-dozen facers and Sharkey clinched. Tom cut loose after that and Ruhlin was worried with a smash on the neck. They got into a terrible exchange of swings, but Ruhlin backed out of it and fought at long range, until Sharkey forced him to mix it in another desperate rally. Ruhlin had many openings, but his blows lacked the power to put his man to sleep. As Sharkey's legs were wobbling again toward the end the crowd urged Ruhlin to finish him, but he couldn't seem to do it. Round 14. Sharkey's wonderful recuperative powers were helping him every time he came up. He ran out of his corner this time and launched a right for the jaw that Ruhlin blocked. Gus then peppered him in the face with both hands, and also shot in a punch o. the breakaway against which Sharkey protested to the referee. Ruhlin continued to put in the punches until Sharkey was staggering and hugging, but even in that condition the sailor was able to swing terrific rights for the head. Ruhlin was careful, and with more facers he literally fought Sharkey to a standstill. The sailor was in distress at the bell, and Ruhlin looked like a winner. Round 15. As soon as Sharkey came up Ruhlin began pouring in the face blows. Sharkey's right eye was closed and his left eye was puffed to twice its natural size. Ruhlin stood away as Sharkey walloped him on the head, but Tom could not follow. Ruhlin then rushed and caught Sharkey on the jaw with a beautiful right-hand swing. The blow staggered the sailor, and a couple more that came straight to the mark knocked him down. Sharkey would not wait for a full count from the referee, but staggered to his feet. He was blinded with blood, but was game and willing. As he swung wildly for his big antagonist, Ruhlin shot a left to the chin and followed with a great inside smash with the right. Down went Sharkey like a wounded lion. But he was up in time, groping helplessly. He was not able to hit a blow that could hurt, and furthermore he was unable to stand up steadily enough to get within range. Ruhlin danced around him with coolness, and threw in more smashes. They made Sharkey reel like a man drugged, and soon he fell for the fourth time. As he did so he caught Ruhlin around the leg, but Gus got free and waited for him to rise. Tom took the full count this time. When he was up he almost tottered over backward. Ruhlin was after him and landed blows upon his face with no mercy. Sharkey fell for the fifth time, and the back of his head struck the floor with a crash. He looked to be out, but as the referee began to count Sharkey rolled over and began to climb to his feet. As he finally stood erect he was the picture of helplessness. His hands shivered convulsively and he moved his feet with difficulty. Ruhlin then simply battered him to pieces with rapid smashes, all of which went to his face. Sharkey tried to clinch, but he was beaten off. Then, like the dying gladiator, he slowly sank to his knees. He was still moving his hands mechanically, but that was all. With a great heave of the chest, and a groan that could be heard at the ring side, Sharkey fell over on his face. The blood was pouring from his mouth, nose, and eye. Still there was a move by the sailor to get up. It was impossible, however, and as the sailor was beaten beyond the question of a doubt, Referee Johnny White interfered and called Ruhlin the winner. Immediately there was a great shout, and hats were thrown into the air. Corbett leaped into the ring and hugged Ruhlin. So did Madden and a dozen others. Ruhlin was tickled to death, but he did not turn over from the beaten sailor who was in his chair practically out.

The "Akron Giant" went over to him and shook him by the hand. Sharkey, who was recovering, smiled faintly, and then collapsed. Ruhlin was escorted from the ring by his friends, while hundreds crowded forward to inspect the sailor. Sharkey was soon brought into shape to walk, and left the ring with extreme difficulty. He was badly whipped, but his gameness made a host of friends for him. The time of the round was 2min 55sec. When the fighters arrived at their dressing-rooms they were at once besieged by an army of friends and well-wishers. Ruhlin was as chipper as a kitten, while Sharkey still showed signs of distress. As soon as the victor reached his quarters his seconds gave him a thorough sub-down. With the exception of a few bruises on his body the "Akron Giant" looked as though he had just emerged from a Turkish bath. Ruhlin referred all inquiring sports to his manager, Billy Madden. The latter said: "It was just as I predicted. Ruhlin won with a knock-out. No man is invulnerable from a blow on the jaw. Ruhlin gave it to Sharkey and he went down like all the rest of them. Gus will now try and secure a battle with Jem Jeffries for the championship of the world. He is justly entitled to it in view of the fact that he fought him a draw in 'Frisco several years ago. Ruhlin was a novice then, and he has since shown that he can fight. I must take my hat off to Sharkey. He is certainly a game man." Ruhlin, when induced to speak, said: "Sharkey is a rough customer, but I got there all right. I was never more confident in my life than I was to-night. By knocking Sharkey out I think I am entitled to first consideration with Jeffries. I am ready to box him within a month's time." Jem Corbett, who was in the room at the time, was very much elated over Ruhlin's victory. He said: "Why, I had no doubt of the outcome from the start. Gus and I planned the way the battle would go. Months back, when I told the people that Ruhlin was a champion, they laughed at me. Why, Gus, who is young and vigorous, can hit like a pile-driver, and he is as clever as you make them. Sharkey took quite a beating, and I am sorry for him. But that is one of the fortunes of war. If Ruhlin ever meets Jeffries he will conquer him without a doubt. If Jeffries does not take on Gus he can have me. Let him take the pick of the Corbett stable. Gus or myself." Ruhlin will go to Boston next week. He made arrangements to spar in that city for a week. After the fight he went to his home in Brooklyn. Sharkey was placed on a couch by his seconds when he got to his room. When he stripped he seemed to be very sore all over his body. His face was a sight. Both of his eyes were closed, his lips were twice their normal size, and little nobs knotted his countenance here and there. There were deep gashes under the cheek bones, too. Altogether the burly sailor looked as if he had passed through a threshing machine. It was with considerable difficulty that Sharkey could find his tongue. When he did speak his remarks were scarcely audible or coherent. He finally said: "My left shoulder blade went back on me in the early part of the struggle, and I could scarcely hold my hands up. I injured this shoulder, you know, in my contest with Jeffries, and I thought it had healed. But I am getting away from what I want to say; that is, Ruhlin is a wonder. He did more to me than either Jeffries, McCoy, or Corbett could do, and he deserves all that is coming to him. But I should like to meet him again as soon as my shoulder gets well." "What chance would Ruhlin have against Jeffries?" the reporter asked. "A mighty good one, I can tell you," answered the former tar. "He is as hard a puncher as ever came over the hills, and is quite clever, too. This is the first time I was ever knocked out, and I must pay my respects to the man who did it. I am going to take a rest now for several months. As soon as my shoulder is all right I will endeavour to induce him to meet me again."

MEASUREMENTS OF RIVAL PUGILISTS.

SHARKEY.	MEASUREMENTS.	RUHLIN.
5 ft. 8½ inches	Height	6 ft. 1½ inches
185 pounds	Weight	190 pounds
17½ inches	Neck	17 inches
44 inches	Chest measurement	41½ inches
47½ inches	Chest expanded	47½ inches
33 inches	Waist	35 inches
70 inches	Reach	79 inches
12½ inches	Biceps	13½ inches
16½ inches	Calf	17 inches
11½inches	Forearm	13½ inches
22½ inches	Thigh	23½ inches
27 years	Age	28 years

SHARKEY'S RECORD.

1894.
Knocked out Jack Langley ... 8 rounds
Knocked out "Rough" Thompson 3 rounds
Knocked out "Rough" Thompson 1 round
Knocked out "Nick" Burley ... 8 rounds
Knocked out George Washington ... ... 2 rounds
Knocked out Billy Tate ... ... 4 rounds
Knocked out "Sailor" Brown ... 2 rounds
1896.
Won from Joe Choynski ... 8 rounds
Draw with Jem Corbett ... 4 rounds
No decision: John L. Sullivan ... 3 rounds
Won on foul from Fitzsimmons 8 rounds
1897.
Draw with Peter Maher... ... 7 rounds
Won from Joe Goddard... ... 6 rounds
1898.
Draw with Joe Choynski ... 8 rounds
Lost to Jem Jeffries ... ... 20 rounds
Knocked out Gus Ruhlin ... 1 round
Won on foul from J. Corbett ... 9 rounds
1899.
Knocked out "Kid" McCoy ... 10 rounds
Knocked out Jack McCormick... 2 rounds
Lost to Jem Jeffries ... ... 25 rounds
1900.
Won from Joe Goddard... ... 6 rounds
Knocked out Jem Jeffords ... 2 rounds
Knocked out Jem McCormick ... 1 round
Won from Joe Choynski ... 3 rounds
Knocked out "Yank" Kenny ... 1 round

RUHLIN'S RECORD.

Won from Jem Wood ... ... 4 rounds
Won from Con Tobin ... ... 5 rounds
Lost to "Yank" Kenny... ... 16 rounds
Won from Dominick Kane ... 4 rounds
Won from Steve O'Donnell ... 20 rounds
1897.
Draw with Jem Jeffries... ... 20 rounds
Won from "Tut" Ryan... ... 10 rounds
Won from Bill Smith (Texas) ... 2 rounds
1898.
Knocked out Woolf Bendorff ... 2 rounds
Lost to "Kid" McCoy ... ... 20 rounds
Knocked out by Tom Sharkey ... 1 round
Knocked out Tom McCormick 8 rounds
Won from Ed Dunkhorst ... 22 rounds
No decision: Joe Goddard ... 6 rounds
No decision: Joe Choynski ... 6 rounds
1899.
Won from Joe Goddard... ... 5 rounds
Draw with Peter Maher... ... 20 rounds
Lost to Joe Kennedy ... ... 20 rounds
Knocked out George Lawler ... 9 rounds
Won from Jack Stelyner ... 7 rounds
Won from Jem Jeffords... ... 5 rounds
Won from Jack McCormick ... 6 rounds
Knocked out "Stockings" Conroy ... ... 7 rounds
1900.
Knocked out Jack Finnegan ... 4 rounds
Knocked out "Yank" Kenny ... 6 rounds
Knocked out Tom Sharkey ... 15 rounds

TERRY McGOVERN DEFEATS GEORGE DIXON.

(From Our Own Correspondent at the Ring Side.)

CHICAGO, JUNE 23.—AT TATTERsall's to-night Terry McGovern upheld his reputation as king of all feather-weights by defeating George Dixon, the ex-champion, in six rounds. Dixon, although not knocked out, was in distress and holding on for dear life as the bout ended. The fight was fast and furious from beginning to end, with Terry on top of his man all the time. Dixon tried in every conceivable manner to get the advantage, but his blows did not have the steam behind them that his younger opponent was dealing out. McGovern took matters rather easy during the first two rounds, and the coloured boy landed repeatedly, and near the end of the second round staggered McGovern with a vicious blow on the jaw. McGovern recovered quickly, however, and was forcing matters when the round ended. McGovern woke up in the third and put in some of his famous short arm jolts to his adversary's stomach. Dixon clinched repeatedly to avoid punishment, but McGovern kept after the coloured boy constantly, and Dixon looked troubled as the round closed. Dixon did some good work in the next two rounds, but McGovern was too strong for him, and made the veteran break ground several times. The last round was all McGovern's. He went after Dixon with both hands, but Dixon dodged the issue and grabbed Terry around the neck at every opportunity to escape punishment. McGovern worked hard to make Dixon keep away and fight, but the latter would no sooner step back than he would come in again and hold McGovern for dear life. Even in this manner Dixon received a severe beating, and was very weak at the end of the bout.

FIGHT BY ROUNDS.

Round 1. McGovern started by a left to face, repeated with a left to stomach, and they clinched. McGovern tried left, but missed, and Dixon clinched. Dixon missed a vicious left swing, and chopped left to Terry's chest. Terry landed left to face, and repeated a second later when they came to another clinch. Dixon landed two left jabs, and McGovern crowded him to the ropes and landed hard left to stomach. Dixon tried with left, but Terry blocked and sent right and left to Dixon's stomach. Terry landed left swing on Dixon's jaw, and as the bell sounded Terry was playing on Dixon's stomach with both hands. Round 2. Terry led left to Dixon's face. Dixon retaliated with right and left to Terry's stomach. Dixon landed hard left to heart, and in the clinch landed left to stomach. On breaking away Terry landed both hands on stomach: Dixon landed hard right swings on Terry's ear and put a hard right to Terry's kidneys. Terry landed short-arm jolts to body. Dixon tried with left, but Terry stepped in close and put right to stomach. Terry got in both right and left, and Dixon landed hard right to jaw, which staggered Terry. Terry grabbed Dixon, and at the end of the round was playing on Dixon's ribs. Round 3. Terry got in a hard right, Dixon came back with a vicious right to stomach, and Terry rushed Dixon to the ropes, where the latter fell. When they got up Dixon landed two hard ones on Terry's head, and Terry retaliated with several hard pokes on Dixon's stomach. Dixon landed both hands on Terry's neck and jaw when they clinched. On the break-away Dixon missed a left, and Terry put several good ones to the stomach. They were in a fierce mix-up at the end of the round. Round 4. McGovern landed left to face, and Dixon missed with left. McGovern sent both hands to stomach, and in the clinch put several short-arm blows to the stomach. Dixon missed two left swings, and Terry landed a hard right swing on Dixon's face. McGovern landed three lefts in succession on Dixon's jaw. Dixon clinched, and the referee pulled them apart with difficulty. When they came together again McGovern put in two hard blows on Dixon's stomach and then sent right to Dixon's mouth, which brought the blood. Dixon missed a wild left swing, and Terry bored in with both hands to the stomach. Dixon landed a left jab as the round closed. Round 5. Dixon landed a left on the neck, and Terry missed a right for the jaw. They clinched, and both fought furiously, until the referee broke them apart. Terry put in a hard right on the breast, and Dixon clinched. Terry landed two lefts to the face. Dixon tried with left, but Terry blocked cleverly. Dixon landed a left swing on the forehead, and Terry ducked into a clinch, and put both hands to Dixon's stomach. Dixon landed a hard left swing to the jaw, and Terry chased him around the ring, landing both left and right. Terry landed a hard left swing on Dixon's jaw just as the round closed. Round 6. Terry came up with a look of determination, and tried both hands, but Dixon clinched. On the break Dixon landed a left on Terry's neck, and Terry swung right and left, but missed. Dixon put his right to Terry's chest, and Terry landed several good blows on George's stomach. They clinched, and went at it hammer and tongs until separated by the referee. McGovern put a good right to Dixon's jaw, and the latter clinched and would not break. They separated for a moment, but were again fast in each other's arms in a second. On the break-away Dixon landed a hard right on the ribs, and Terry landed a hard right over Dixon's heart. Dixon had Terry around the neck as the bell sounded.

BOXING COMPETITIONS AT THE Hartlepool Gymnasium for a Silver Cup.—The cup was originally intended for open competition at a certain weight, but the committee encountered much difficulty in getting together a suitable lot of men, so they decided to put the cup up for two capable boxers. A capital night's sport anticipated and, let us hope, a full house.

GEORGE MONROE DEFEATS PATSEY HALEY.

(Special Report.)

NEW YORK, JUNE 27.—PATSEY Haley, of Buffalo, who about two years ago was looked upon as one of the cleverest men in his class, was defeated by George Monroe, Terry McGovern's sparring partner, at the Sampson A.C., last night. The end came in the sixteenth round. Monroe was about to administer a knock-out blow, but Haley's seconds, to save their man further punishment, threw up the sponge. The bout was one of the fastest contests witnessed in this vicinity in a long time. Haley showed some of his former skill, but he could not stand the fierce onslaughts of Monroe, who wore him down with hard body blows. The betting favoured Haley at 3 to 2, as many of the sports believed he would outpoint his man. The bout was scheduled for twenty-five rounds at 115lb., ring side.

PRIVATE SHOW EASTWARD HO.—The name of Ted Ware is a sure guarantee that when he promotes a private entertainment the boxers will make a battle that would satisfy the veriest glutton that delights to see the blood fly. Last Monday Ted arranged a show that would have delighted anyone, but owing to unforeseen circumstances the resort that was agreed upon was found to be already engaged, and after considerable trouble and expense Ware, to keep faith with his patrons, took a saloon that lovers of sport have long made a home of. In consequence of the above the audience present was more select than numerous when the first couple entered the arena. Among the spectators were Bob Knott, Mr. MacCartney, Harry Avis (late of Waltham Abbey), Sam West (who backed Andrews in the sack race at Lea Bridge), George Beach, Charlie Williams. Proceedings were opened by an exhibition bout between Ted Ware and his brother George. Mr. Beach, of Waltham Abbey, acted as M.C. in a most scientific manner, being at home in the speech-making line. Four Rounds Trial: Bill Pike and "Dummy" Forest.—The first named was the heavier of the twain, but "Dummy" is getting cleverer every time he spars, and more than held his own in a grand set-to. THE MIRROR OF LIFE acted as referee, with Bob Knott as timekeeper. Ten Rounds Contest: Archie Wright beat Charley Starr.—Both sparred for an opening, Starr forcing the exchanges, but towards the end of the bout Wright more than held his own. In the third round Wright ended matters by sending his opponent to sleep. By special desire Tom Ireland and Jack Farley had a comical exhibition till Farley went out. Bob Knott and a friend wound up.

CONTEST AT STOCKTON.—AN exciting boxing contest for £25 a-side and a purse of £25 was brought off at Stockton-on-Tees last Monday night between Dick Johnson, of Newcastle, and Andrew Wood, of Gateshead. Six-ounce gloves were used, and at the end of the ten rounds Woods was declared the winner.

CITY B.C., SHEFFIELD.—OF LATE fistic encounters have been very scarce in the cutlery city, but, despite the close nature of the atmospheric conditions on Monday, a large company attended the above club, when a lengthy programme was submitted by the enterprising manager, Mr. E. Garside, the principal event being a contest between a couple of clever local boxers, Young Johnson and Con Cannon, who had signed articles to box the best of twenty rounds of three minutes' duration with 4oz gloves at 7st 4lb, for £15 a-side and the club purse of £20, amounting in all to a £50 stake. The opening round was a ding-dong struggle. The second was also fought at a fast rate, Cannon doing most of the leading, and at the close holding a slight lead. At the third meeting Cannon kept his man busy. From this stage up to the sixth round Cannon had decidedly the best of some heavy work, but on taking the centre for the sixth time Johnson steadied his man with a couple of right-handed punches on the ribs, and had the best of the exchanges up to time being called. The seventh round proved to be the last, as after some careful manœuvring by both parties Cannon tried the left for Johnson's face, which the latter ducked, Cannon falling over his opponent's shoulder. Johnson then threw Cannon deliberately head over heels, and was instantly disqualified by the referee, Mr. Wells, of Sheffield, Cannon being declared the winner amidst loud cheering. Mr. Taylor, of the Leeds Club, officiated as timekeeper.

I, JOHN JENKINS, OF PORT TALBOT, will box Dai Rees, known as "Buller Rees," for from £10 to £25 a-side, with 4oz gloves under the Marquis of Queensberry rules. I will also give Rees all his weight; no other terms will suit. An answer, with deposit, will lead to business through THE MIRROR OF LIFE, and seeing that many in Wales claim the 8st 10lb championship, I am still open to defend it from £10 to £25 a-side.

I, A. CAMPERLIN, OF SOMERS Town, seeing that Curley, of Paddington, is out with a challenge, would like to box him ten or fifteen rounds at catch-weight for Mr. Joe Smith's purse. Business only meant. No more paper talk. An answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will oblige.

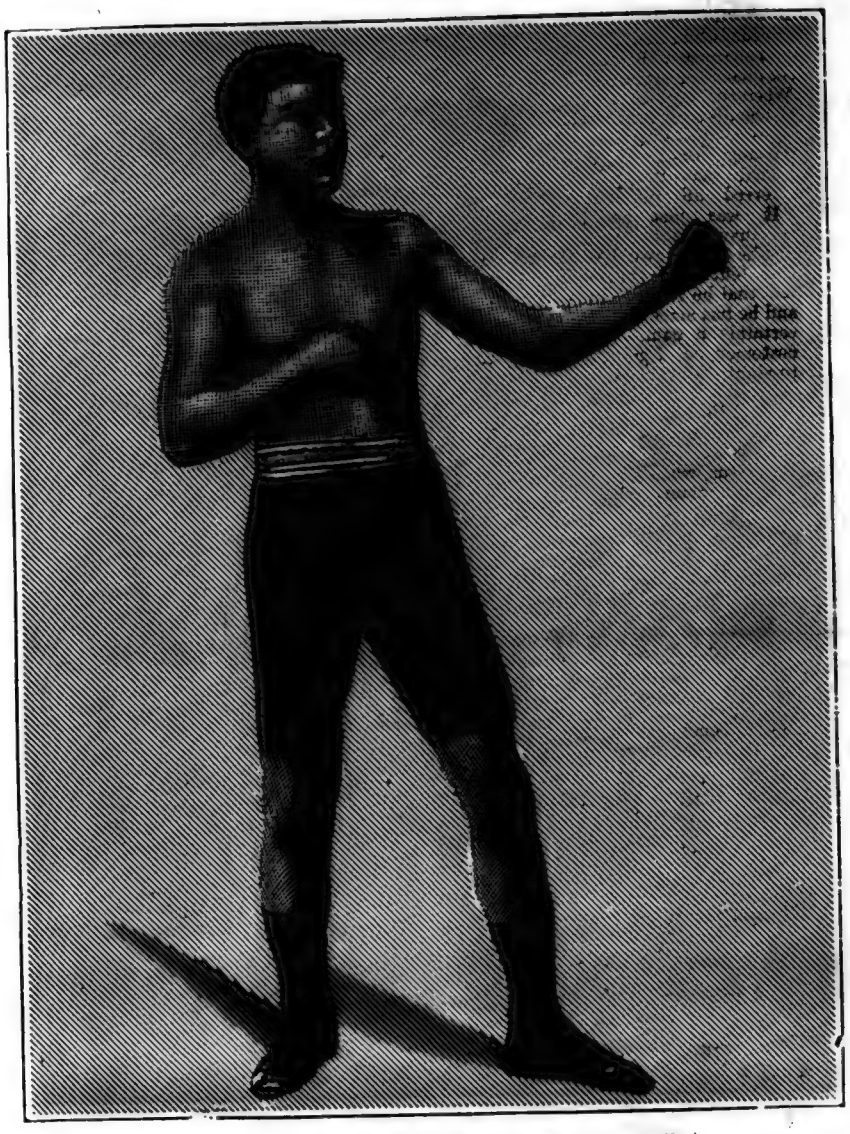
CHALLENGE: ANDREW TOKELL TO Charlie Sloan (Newcastle) or Ernest Brady.—Tokell is prepared to box either of the above at 8st, give or take 2lb, for £25 or £50 a-side, twenty 3min rounds, 4oz gloves, and the best purse offered. Andrew Wood, of Gateshead, can be accommodated at 8st 4lb on the same terms. An early answer and a place of meeting will be immediately attended to, as business is only meant.

YOUNG DAVIS, OF NORTH SHIELDS, will box Young Kennedy, of Sunderland, Capstead, of South Shields, and Doyle, of Oldham, for from £10 to £15 a-side, and the largest purse.

JACK HARE, OF PLAISTOW, IN COM. pany with Nelson Rowland, are off to try their fortunes at the Cape, and will sail in the troopship Dunera on Saturday.

PATSEY HALEY,

Whose Seconds Threw Up the Sponge in his Contest with George Monroe at the Sampson Athletic Club, New York, June 25.



GEORGE MONROE,

Who Defeated Patsey Haley in Sixteen Rounds at the Sampson Athletic Club, New York, June 25.

RUSSIAN SOLDIERS' DESPERATE BATTLE AGAINST THOUSANDS OF WOLVES.

Fierce Battle for Life in Siberia Against a Ravenous Foe.

SHOP-LIFTING THIEF CAUGHT BY A DOG.
A Woman Gives her Pursuers a Good Run.

CHARMION,
A Celebrated Trapezist, who Electrifies Everybody Nightly by her Unique and Startling Proceedings.

MURDER OF THE MINISTER IN TREACHEROUS CHINA.
Massacre of the Chris ian Population in the Celestial Empire.

JIMMY HANDLER DEFEATS "MYSTERIOUS" BILLY SMITH.

(From Our Own Correspondent at the Ring Side.)

NEW YORK, JUNE 30, 1900.—IN one of the hardest battles of the year "Mysterious" Billy Smith lost on a foul in the fifteenth round at the Broadway A.C., last night. His adversary was Jimmy Handler, of Newark. The limit was twenty-five rounds. The battle was exciting throughout, each round being punctuated with heavy blows. Up to the time of the foul was committed Smith was in a bad way, and could not have lasted more than two more rounds at the pace the men were going. Alex. Dunsheath, of Passaic, and Alf Levy, of New York, were the principals in a preliminary bout of twelve rounds at 115lb. Dunsheath was substituted for Billy Wallace. Levy, who is very clever, shot out the left, and Dunsheath ran against it incessantly. The latter was game, and the more he got hit the better he seemed to like it. Towards the end Dunsheath did a lot of swinging, and worried Levy. But Levy's advantage was too much to overcome, and he got the verdict. When the stellar combat began there were about 2,500 sports in the building. Smith opened up favourite at 100 to 70, but there was so much Handler money in evidence that the odds soon rose to 100 to 90. Smith's handlers were Mike Gallagher, Billy O'Brien, and Prof. Jimmy Kelly. Handler was attended to by Frank Hart, Sammy Goodwin, and Larry Wall. Andy Walsh, who was present, issued a challenge to meet the winner. Gus Ruhlin was recognised in the audience and the crowd yelled until the "Akron Giant" appeared in the ring. Tom Sharkey was also introduced, and he also received an enthusiastic greeting. Sharkey said that he wanted a return match with Ruhlin for 5,000dols a-side. When the stars of the night appeared it was observed that Smith was not in the best of condition. The men met at 148 pounds, under straight Queensberry rules. Smith, after some feinting, nailed Handler hard with the right. When they clashed again Handler delivered a stiff jab on Smith's mouth, and split his lip. Handler touched up the same spot with another jab. Smith was puffing when the bell sounded. Handler led in the second, and both exchanged wicked swings. They came direct from the shoulder, and both staggered. Handler rushed, but Smith ducked nimbly. They mixed it up when they came together, and Smith was sent reeling. In a hot rally both fell to the floor, but were on their feet just as the gong tolled. Smith rushed in the third, and caught Handler on the chest with the right, almost upsetting him. Handler crossed Smith a moment later on the jaw, and Billy went back with a thump. They indulged in close swinging, both landing with destructive precision. Handler was unsteady on his pins when he toed the centre for the fourth. But he was on top of Smith with swings. Handler shook Smith up with a heavy right on the back of the head. Jemmy received a left one in the ribs, which made him clinch. The fighting was speedy until the end of the round. Smith cut out the pace in the fifth. Handler found his man twice with left hooks. Smith met the advance with a right cross-counter on Handler's left eye. Jemmy evened matters with a hard drive in the wind as the bell sounded. Smith rushed Handler all over the ring in the sixth, and had the Newark lad wabbling. Smith's condition was against him, and he allowed Handler to recover. Smith gave Handler a good thumping in the seventh, and got tired punching his rival. Handler kept close to Smith in the eighth, and had Billy swinging wildly. Handler reached Smith repeatedly in the ninth. He had Smith so fatigued that the latter could barely hold his hands up. The tenth was hot. Handler had Smith almost out twice, but was careless, and was floored with a right swing on the neck. They fought so viciously in the eleventh that the crowd arose and fairly yelled. Smith received a terrible punching and was dazed and groggy. Smith was much refreshed in the twelfth. Both countered stiffly, and sent each other half way to the ropes. Then a sharp mix-up followed, and Smith was knocked down with a hook on the jaw. Smith took the allowed time limit, and when he got up he was full of fight. They hammered each other so relentlessly in the thirteenth that it was a toss-up who would go to sleep first. The fourteenth was also fast. Smith was fought to a standstill, and only kept his feet by good generalship. In the fifteenth Smith swung the right so heavily that Handler was staggered. Smith was weary, and could not follow up the blow. Seeing that he was unable to win, Smith used the elbow in pivot fashion. It was a deliberate foul, and Referee Charley White promptly disqualified him.

NORTHERN PITMEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP.

AT THE HEXHAM HOUSE SALOON, Newcastle, early last week, R. Dunn, of Spen, and R. Short, of Emma Vale, met to box the best of twenty rounds at 8st 4lb, give or take 2lb, for £25 a-side and a purse of £25, given by Mr. Jas. Lowes. There was a crowded attendance, including a numerous party of miners from the respective colliery districts to which the combatants belonged. The men were fairly well matched in stature and physique, though Short scaled 8st 5lb, a pound heavier than his opponent. Short was esquired by Charles Beadling, Geo. Short, and J. Westoe, and Dunn was seconded by Harry Jackson, Dick Johnson, and Joe Farrell. Mr. Tom Gamble acted as referee, and M. Nealis was timekeeper. Odds of 6 to 4 were laid on Short, who quickly decided the issue in his favour. In the first round he fought his opponent all over the ring with some telling two-handed work. Dunn twice fell to the boards, and time just saved him from being counted out. Immediately the men stood up for the second bout Short again scored decisively with both hands, and Dunn was now in such distress that his seconds threw up the sponge, the verdict being accordingly awarded to the favourite.

PROFESSOR W. MOORE'S GRAND Boxing Tournament held at Smethwick, Birmingham.—This tournament, which was held at Smethwick some short time since, consisted of an 8st 6lb open competition for eight picked lads of the district for a handsome trophy given by a well-known Birmingham sportsman, and the pavilion was packed to excess and hundreds could not gain admission. The curtain was drawn and the ball set rolling; the first to enter the ring was Professor Moore and his unequalled wrestling and boxing bear, which had three catches as catch-as-catch-can style which greatly pleased the audience. The first bout of the competition was between Aston v. Hitchin, the verdict going to the former after a good set-to. Next came Sheldron v. Jackson, in which both set about one another in rare style, and after a very near thing Sheldron gained the award. Next bout was between Barnes and H. Sheldron, the latter putting his man out in the second round. Next bout, Barnes v. Smith, a very tame bout, Smith winning easily. Then came the second series, in which the two brothers Sheldron met, the verdict going to the elder one, H. Sheldron. Next bout, Smith and Aston, the former winning easily. Then came the final, between H. Sheldron and Smith. It was a capital set-to. Smith was declared the winner. Next came Professor Moore's troupe of boxers. Third exhibition, between Charlie Arrowsmith, of Walsall, and Alf Fielder, of London, which greatly pleased the audience with three spirited rounds. Then came Joe Elms (the black), of America, and Young Smith, of London. — Three hard-hitting rounds. Then came Professor Moore's champion midgets "Snowball" and "Figg," who showed the audience three very clever and scientific rounds. Then came the tit-bit of the evening and the grand wind-up It was a three rounds exhibition between the world-renowned female boxers, Miss Annie Moore, of Bristol, daughter of Professor Moore, and Miss Frances Bell, the coloured boxer of America, who greatly astonished the audience with their boxing abilities. Every praise is given to Professor Moore in the way which he has trained the midgets and his lady boxers, and Professor Moore is quite a favourite amongst the Midland localities. This being Professor Moore's first visit to the Midlands he has been well patronised, and he is a favourite amongst them all in the way he conducts his show in a straightforward and gentlemanly manner. The officials were Professor Moore M.C., timekeeper Alf Fielder, judges Charley Arrowsmith and Charley Simpson.

BILLY ROSS V. BERT SMITH.—In respect to this match W. Hargreaves writes from General Post-office, Manchester: In reply to Billy Ross, I am willing to give a £15 purse for him to box Bert Smith with 4oz gloves ten rounds of three minutes, and will bet him all he requires at the ringside. With reference to his taking 5 to 4, I made that offer providing he would box in the old style, and still adhere to my offer. I will deposit the £15 in the hands of the referee and the winner to take the lot. Hoping that Ross will accept this offer.

GOOD BOXERS FROM 9st TO 10st Wanted.—Alf Wright requires boxers at the above weight. For terms apply to A. Wright, 5, Webber Street, Falmouth, Cornwall.

VITAL POWER.

If you suffer from Spermatorrhœa, Lost Manhood, Exhausted Vitality, the Errors of Youth Loss of Energy, Weakness, Despondency, Premature Decay, Varicocele, Brain Fag, Nervousness, Blotches on the Skin, Dimness of Sight, Melancholy, Loss of Memory, Noises in the Ears, Kidney or Liver Complaints, or any disease of the Bladder or Urinary Organs, do not fail to send a stamped addressed envelope to:—GEORGE WRIGHT, Esq., Colne House, Rembrandt Road, Lee, London, S.E. (Name this paper).

JOE BENNETT CALLED UP TO THE MIRROR OF LIFE to say that in consequence of a little trouble he will be unable to meet his friends at Great Grimsby and round the East Coast this summer, but he hopes to be with them, if alive, next. Joe says he's hearty—too hearty for a poor man.

JACK WALSH IS FIT AND WELL after his long illness, and would be pleased to make a match with any of the big ones, Jack Scales or Pat Daley preferred, if the N.S.C. will give a purse. Walsh will have a good side stake at the ring-side. An early answer will be immediately attended to.

CHARLEY McKEEVER, A CLEVER feather-weight from Philadelphia, is about to visit England, and is open to fight anyone at about 10st 6lb.

G. HARPER, OF SALFORD, WILL meet T. Pasely, of Hull, or Young Snow, of Deptford, to box the best of ten rounds, or will guarantee to stop Snow in six rounds for a good purse at 6st 10lb.

J. W. HUNTS, BACKER OF HARPER, to W. Lawson, of Wolverhampton.—I will accept his challenge to box six rounds, run 100 yards, cycle half a mile, and jump three forward spring jumps with weights.

IF SLARK, OF LONDON, AND JACK Lewis, black, of America, will send their addresses to Tom Wickwar they will hear of something to their advantage. Should also be glad to have names and addresses and weights of several good lads for future events.—Tom Wickwar, 16, Beatrice Road, Newfoundpool, Leicester.

BOXERS (ALL WEIGHTS) WANTED.—Tom Wickwar, of 16, Beatrice Road, Newfoundpool, Leicester, would be glad to have names, addresses, and weights of several good lads for future events.

DISCOVERED TO BE NO LADY.

He Entered the Precincts of the College Attired in Hat and Skirts.

(*Subject of Illustration.*)

HAVING somewhat of a feminine appearance George Bennett conceived the idea of dressing himself in a lady's costume and paying a visit to a college where gentlemen were not allowed to enter. The first portion of the proceeding looked all right, as the gentle George, with natty hat and skirts, made his way to the seminary; here he passed the portals, but in the ante-room four ladies became suspicious, and challenged the visitor, and upon closer investigation they discovered a pair of trousers hidden beneath the skirts. Then the four laid violent hands upon the unfortunate youth, who was finally ejected and handed over into custody.

WHACKED HIS OPPONENT WITH A DUMMY LEG.

The Frenchman made Tracks to Escape a Hiding.

(*Subject of Illustration.*)

A CURIOUS scene was witnessed on Thursday afternoon in Bloomsbury. It appears that a bootmaker and a Frenchman had a lively controversy on matters political, and after a heated and lengthy discussion the Frenchman accidently pushed his opponent. Then the fun commenced; the bootmaker seized a cork leg with a boot fixed, which in ordinary way adorned the window, and with this curious weapon started to give the unfortunate foreigner a hiding, but the latter bolted, and the man with the cork leg gave chase, to the amusement of the spectators.

WILLIE SMITH.

A Clever Feather-Weight, Who at One Time Fought for the World's Championship at His Weight.

(*With Portrait.*)

IT is now some time since that this clever lad was matched for the 8st 6lb championship of the world with "Solly" Smith, from America The trial of strength took place at the National Sporting Club, when he lost in eight rounds. previously to which he met and defeated some of the best lads at his weight. Since then Willie Smith has been occupied as a second.

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MR. EDWIN FORDE, LATE OF THE Middlesex, is now installed in his new agency offices, 142, Long Acre.

THE GRANVILLE AUDIENCES HAVE been making much of Miss Vesta Victoria, whose songs have provoked abundant enthusiasm.

THAT CLEVER QUICK-CHANGE artiste, Ugo Biondi, is delighting big audiences at the Metropolitan with his "Scandal in a Restaurant" sketch.

THE AMERICAN BIOGRAPH, LIKE the brook, goes on for ever. Mr. Charles Morton has just added some new and very interesting pictures.

A HIGH STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE is reached by the Gotham Comedy Quartette. Their singing is very much appreciated at the Canterbury.

MISS EVELYN MILLARD, THE well-known actress, will be married to Mr. J. R. Coulter, at St. George's, Hanover Square, on Thursday, July 19.

THE LAST NIGHTS ARE ANnounced of "The Only Way." I should recommend anyone who has not seen this splendidly-acted play to hurry up.

MISS BESSIE LEE (COLOURED Patti).—After a successful tour of Ireland, she returns to town, opening on Moss and Thornton's tour, Sheffield Empire, 23rd inst.

"THE CASINO GIRL" WILL BE produced at the Shaftesbury this (Wednesday) evening. The music is said to be as good if not better than that of "The Belle of New York."

MR. EDWARD SWANBOROUGH, who is now the business manager at the Royal, has been coping with crowded houses, the result of an excellent and varied programme.

THE PROCEEDS OF THE SPECIAL matinée at the London Hippodrome, in aid of the Ottawa Fire Fund, together with contributions from other quarters, realised over £1,000, which sum has been handed by Mr. H. E. Moss to the Lord Mayor of London for distribution.

"THE MAN OF FORTY" FINISHED a brilliant run last Friday at the St. James's Theatre. The season closed owing to future arrangements, as the cleverly-acted play had by no means exhausted its drawing powers. Mr. Alexander will re-open the theatre in September with an adaptation by Mr. Sydney Grundy of a play of Scribe's, entitled, "A Debt of Honour."

THE EXCELLENT PROGRAMME AT the Holloway Empire is attracting crowded houses at each performance. Miss Peggy Pryde, clever daughter of a clever mother, receives a tremendous welcome; Harry Freeman, with his Lipton's dinner song; Bibb and Bobb, quaint comedians; Josie Jonghmans, a brilliant singer; Lawrence Barclay, comic; Miss Helen Stuart, a pleasing dancer; Barello and Millay, bar performers; W. H. Morgan, ballad singer; James Merrylees, a clever comedian; and Miss Edith Bruce, in a laughable sketch, "Our New Man."

THE TIVOLI PROGRAMME IS QUITE up to its usual standard of excellence, and a capital start is made with the turn contributed by the Eldorado Girls. Tom Costello sends his audience into high spirits. He is followed by Miss Alice Lloyd, Miss Bessie Wentworth, Ernest Shand, Gus Elen, the McNaughtons, Dunville, Miss Millie Lindon, Eugene Stratton, and many others. The programme numbers close on two dozen turns, and every one good.

HOUDINI, THE KING OF HANDcuffs, is mystifying large audiences at the Alhambra by the extraordinary manner in which he frees himself from all regulation manacles supplied by visitors to the theatre. Houdini invites any member of the audience to step on to the stage during his performance and test his skill. Several new items and important changes have been introduced into the programme this week, namely, the Allisons, acrobats; the Follies; Saharet, the Australian dancer; Frères Hoste, ball comedians; Niess troupe, aerial gymnasts; and others. The "Soldiers of the Queen" ballet is still a tremendous attraction.

DAVE.

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One or two bottles will cure the worst cases of sick headache.
One bottle will remove that tired and all-gone feeling.
Two or three bottles will cure those ugly pimples on the face.
Three bottles will cure the worst cases of canker in the mouth and stomach.
One to three bottles will cure all humours in the eyes.
Three to five bottles will cure salt-rheum.
Six bottles will cure the worst cases of dropsy.
Three to six bottles will cure dyspepsia in its worst state.
Five to seven bottles will cure that dreadful disease, scrofula.
Three to four bottles will cleanse your system of boils.
Three to four bottles have cured the worst cases of erysipelas.
One bottle will cure nursing sore mouth.
Three to six bottles will literally dig up and drive from your blood all hidden humour.
One to three bottles will regulate the bowels.
One bottle will remove webs and dots before the eyes, and cure dizziness, &c.
Three or four bottles will cure the worst cases of piles.
Ten to twelve bottles will cure the very worst cases of scaly eruptions known.
One bottle will cure wakefulness and lack of energy.
Four to five bottles will cure liver complaint.
One bottle will give you a hearty appetite and increased digestion.
A benefit is always seen from the first bottle, and a cure is certain where the directions are followed.
One or two bottles will cure all running at the ears.
No change of diet is ever necessary; eat as good as you can get, and all you want of it.
Six or eight bottles will cure all rotten or running ulcers.
Two to five bottles will stop premature decay, and fully restore physical manhood when shattered or lost by youthful indiscretions.
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